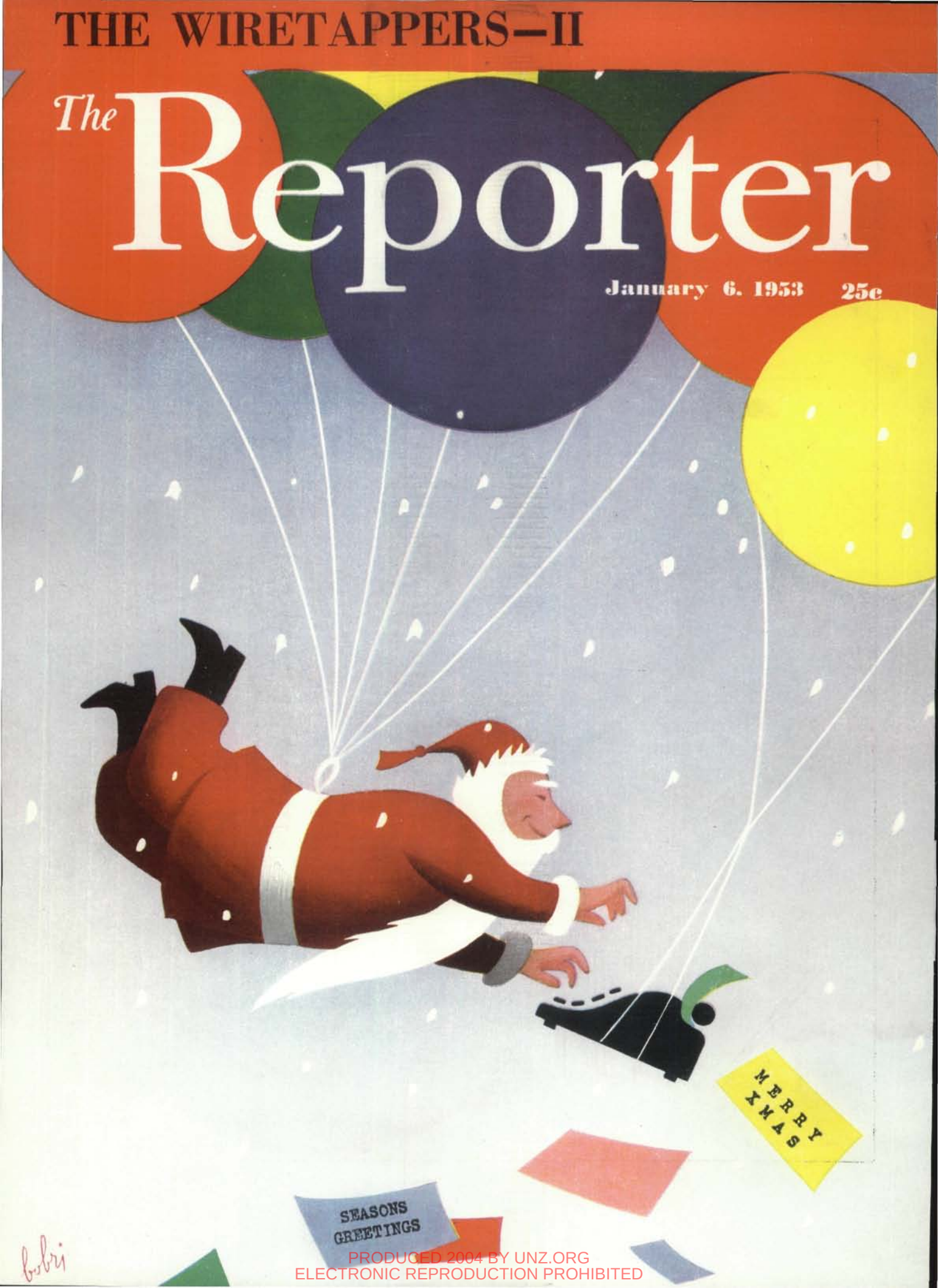
THE WIRETAPPERS—II

The Reporter

January 6, 1953 25c



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"Hello, Dear, And All You Boys On The Wire Taps"

Herblock, *The Washington Post*

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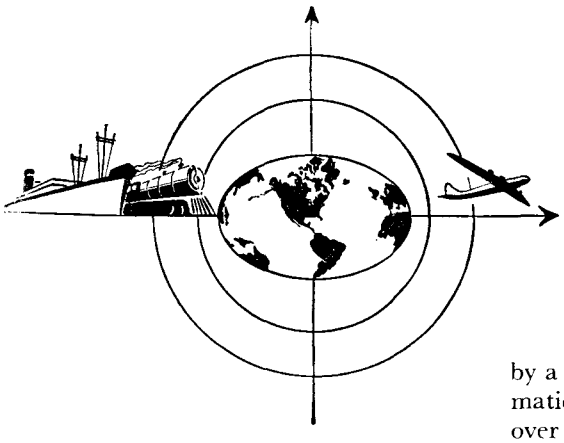

The Reporter's Notes

Holiday Season

This is the season when most Americans celebrate a religious event whose date is known to everyone, for it is from the birth of Christ that the years of our times are counted. In perhaps no other country is what we call the holiday season marked by so nearly universal observance. Practically all Americans, churchgoers and nonchurchgoers, baptized and unbaptized, know in their hearts what the spirit of Christmas is.

Perhaps this is the proper occasion to take notice of a fact which, in our opinion, it is high time we all acknowledged: There is a deep religious stirring in our country, a groping for some compelling principle and belief that may help us to guide our lives.

Perhaps the last campaign is evidence of this; perhaps that ordeal of inner conflicts and fears we all went through was something much more than the traditional rise in political temperature that accompanies a Presidential election. Perhaps the passions for one candidate or another were not just turned on by propaganda magicians. Perhaps they were there inside ourselves, just waiting to burst out. Many strange things happened during the campaign, and now, last but not least, there is the fact that so many Americans find it difficult to abandon their new-found concern with politics, and would like to do something but do not know what.

There was in this campaign the sudden rise to fame of Adlai Stevenson and the grip he established on the minds of millions. His careful avoidance of demagogy aroused the loyalty of men and women to a pitch no master rabble-rouser could ever dream of. What he said was in the purest tradition of Emerson's idealism, tempered by a humorous awareness of the pragmatic realities of our time. Over and over again he said that the nation as a whole is far superior to any one of its segments, and that no leadership is to be trusted unless it is guided by an exacting conscience. Yet all these plain principles, when transferred in an extraordinarily polished form from the pulpit to the arena, sounded to a large number of eager men and women like a true call to a crusade.

On the other side, the side that won, there was a stubborn will to believe, irrespective of what was seen or heard. There was a yearning for faith and for the visible incarnation of that faith. Of course, on both sides political opportunism and the professionals' gimmicks added fuel to the fires. But there was a genuine quality about these fires. In fact, they are still burning.

Let's add immediately that these fires, far from threatening a national conflagration, are evidence of something that must be considered a blessing—for no harm can come to a free community from a revival of faith among its citizens.

Of course, a religious revival offers many opportunities to false prophets. They have felt for quite some time that there was something stirring, and so far the going has been good. But the largest number of Americans know in their bones what the role of religion in our country is. For religion in America is based on tolerance, a faith to which all our sects minister and in which all decent citizens believe, regardless of sect.

We can well afford a rebirth of religion in our country. If the recent campaign, as we are convinced, was an evidence of this, then everything we went through during those torrid weeks has been worthwhile. For a religious rebirth means that Americans who have a faith will find a way to understand each other and, when the interests of the nation demand it, to work together.

In the spirit of Christmas, as men who are equally concerned with religion and with America, we offer all our best wishes to the outgoing President, to the incoming President, to Adlai Stevenson—and to all our readers.

Those among our readers who live on the Pacific coast will have to consider our Christmas wishes retroactive, for they will receive this issue of The Reporter *well after December 25. This is the reason, incidentally, why our date of publication looks slightly absurd to* Reporter *addicts who live in New York City. But they must remember that this is a national magazine. In fact, only nineteen per cent of our circulation is in New York State.*

New Light on 'Limelight'

Since we published the article by Robert Hatch on the last Chaplin movie, quite a few angry protests from friends and staff members have come to our ear. Hatch was unfair to Chaplin, we have been told, and "Limelight" is probably the last and certainly the greatest of all the Chaplin movies. Obviously, there was nothing for the Editor to do but take a look at the facts, which could hardly be called a punishment. But unfortunately it just so happened that he entered the movie house thinking he was a nonpartisan umpire and he emerged chock full of pro-Chaplin bias. Anyway, since the majority of critics and spectators seem to be quite antagonistic to "Limelight," here is his minority report:

To see "Limelight" is like sharing with Chaplin what for years, perhaps all his life, has laid heavily on his heart and mind. Some people are disturbed at being taken into anybody's intimacy. This may partly account for the ill-concealed irritation that marked the reviews of many a

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critic. The underlying theme was: We know Chaplin; we consider him great, very great, indeed the greatest of all movie comedians. We are familiar with his message and consider it immortal. What more does he want now? What more has he got to say?

What Chaplin has to say in "Limelight" concerns the destiny of the comedian, the tragedy of the man who reaches glory by playing a role, but who depends entirely on the whim of the public if the glory he has won is to remain with him to the end of his life. The protagonist of "Limelight" is a clown who, for some reason, has lost the public's acclaim. With this movie Chaplin tries to prove that no matter what the public thinks, he is something more than a clown.

He does it, in our opinion, with extraordinary restraint, with a dignity that is always accompanied by tenderness and respect for his audience. He is in full command of his means—at almost any moment he could have the audience shaking with laughter or with sobs. Of course we may be completely mistaken, and certainly we are in a minority, but seldom have we seen a work of art where charity and compassion ring so true, and with so little support from sentimentality.

At the same time "Limelight" is a simple, unsophisticated work of art; its themes are so elemental as to appear, to many, trivial: One of them, for instance, is the unrelenting, contagious will to live and to achieve of a man who has been buffeted by chance but never gives up. The end, of course, is as old as tragedy itself. The protagonist reconquers glory and dies. This is also the point where Chaplin lets himself go, and makes the audience first laugh and then cry as only he can.

For years, the critics and most of the people in the know have been telling Chaplin: "You are through, Charlie, you are through." Now he has produced a movie about a man who is through. The answer from most of the critics seems to be really angry: for, after all, now that he is so safely pigeonholed into history, what business has this man got outliving himself?

OF COURSE, Chaplin's incomparable gifts as an artist have nothing to do with his private life or his opinions. His private life may not be exemplary, and his opinions not very different from those of Henry Thoreau, an anarchist who, perhaps because he is safely dead, is considered a great American. But for all his oddities and peculiarities, this non-American, Chaplin, has raised to the level of eternal art the human stuff of which America is made.

For all we know, Mr. Herbert Brownell, our Attorney General-designate, is an intelligent, sensible man. We cannot believe that he will banish Charlie Chaplin from our country. Our major picture magazines have shown us Chaplin honored by the Queen of England, decorated by the President of the French Republic. Is Mr. Brownell going to put him on Ellis Island?

Chaplin might well land on the island wearing that derby and carrying that bamboo cane which, according to some of his critics, he should never have abandoned. There would be plenty of cameras to take pictures of Chaplin's final act. And certainly there is at least one man, Joseph Stalin, who would gladly give away a couple of assorted satellites to have that picture soon.

Forgotten Waterfront

The extraordinary legal immunity of lawbreakers on the New York waterfront is by now a familiar story. As far back as 1948, the public was treated to a catalogue of crimes on New York's seven-hundred-mile, billion-dollar waterfront—traffic in narcotics, smuggling, systematic pilferage, gambling, extortionary strikes, loan sharking, and kickbacks. Before 1948 there had been investigations, and the city is currently undergoing another by the New York State Crime Commission. The chief contribution of this new group has been to provide documentation for the easily-inferred fact that prominent shipping firms have been obliged to give generous Christmas presents if they wanted to be sure their cargoes would be unloaded.

BUT THEN, there has always been a lot of talk about this state of affairs, and nothing much has been done about it. On November 20, 1951, Governor Dewey described the "racketeering, organized crime and restrictive practices which have increasingly over the past fifty years hamstrung the port of New York." Dewey's righteous indignation seems a trifle pale when we recall that this racketeering is taking place in the same city where the nation's leading racket-buster got his reputation and in a state where that racket-buster is now governor.

Because of the tenacity of organized crime, New York City needs all the official co-operation it can get. Mayor Impellitteri, for example, seems to take very little interest in the work of the State Crime Commission. In April, 1951, just before the State Crime Commission opened an investigation, Mayor Impellitteri arrived in Cuba for a two-week rest. Currently, while that same Crime Commission is looking into the waterfront, the Mayor is in Florida for a rest. Both the Mayor and the Governor have had a tendency to regard the situation on the waterfront as deplorable but remote.

CHRISTMAS, 1952

Tell us, what are we to lay
At His feet this holy day?
A burning hill, a bloody limb—
Are these all we offer Him?

Shall we give the King of Men
A flaming ball of hydrogen?
A globe of pain, a web of rope
Imprisoning our mortal hope?

These are heavy gifts to lay
At His feet this holy day;
Better that we give the Child
That in us still undefiled.—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

BIGGER AND LOUDER

To the Editor: As a research engineer, I wish to congratulate you for having printed an article about anything as three-dimensional as a motorcar ("The Revolt Against Mass-Produced Cars," by Ralph Stein, *The Reporter*, December 9). Newsmen are skilled at reporting on the movements of marionettes, especially political ones where the strings aren't even hidden, but they seem quite uninterested in who or what is pulling the strings when some of the forces involved are technical.

"For years Americans have docilely accepted the products from the assembly lines of Detroit," Mr. Stein writes. Very true. How otherwise would cars be made? Mr. Stein is enthusiastic about the excellences of two-seater foreign cars which, for half to one-quarter the practical value the average American family expects in a car, cost twice as much. In these boom times more and more Americans want bigger and louder gewgaws. Back of the sudden interest in automotive antiques and overpowered sports cars are the same excess buying power and adolescent show-off trends that make the products of Detroit what they are.

Automotive executives are well aware of this psychology. Buick recently has produced its most mechanically complicated aristocrat—three hundred horsepower, when the corpses strewn along our highways show that the motoring public hasn't the brains to manage one hundred safely! Not to be outdone, Chrysler has achieved a similar marvel. These boom babies are being taken around the country as tokens of tomorrow to titillate those with a taste for caviar when the average $60-a-week car owner still buys his car at third hand and has it liberally in hock to the finance company.

Mr. Stein seems to ignore the fact that our motorcar industry is the backbone of our mass-production technology and that it should be much more concerned than it is in broadening the base of demand for its product by better design to meet the needs of the greatest number. Mr. Stein sympathetically observes the tastes of those who wish to spend the easy money of our preparedness carnival on sports-cars, in other words on a type of car that is ninety-eight per cent lion's roar and two per cent transportation, forgetting that nothing can scuttle our economy any more swiftly than a switch-over of our assembly lines to that sort of car. It is the low-income used-car buyer who has to shoulder the staggering service charges on today's type of car. Not one serviceman in twenty-five knows how properly to repair a balky automatic transmission, or even to take apart such a mechanism and lay out its parts takes a workbench about two feet wide and fifteen feet long. Since the $60-a-week used-car buyer and not the thousand-dollar-a-week sports-car buyer supplies the effective demand that keeps automotive machines whirring, it would be the sensible thing for sports-car fat cats not to wave their fat bank rolls under the noses of automotive salesmen lest the automotive industry actually begin to turn out en masse the kinds of motorcars the used-car buyer has no use for and can never afford.

The point of this is that Mr. Stein should have pointed out that one aspect of economic inflation is design inflation. Because of a widespread revolt against old-fashioned houses costing twice what we could afford, we now have houses which a very slight dip in our present affluence could make cost ten times more than we could pay. This stupidly buoyant psychology naturally affects design on every front and, like the cans in Fibber McGee's closet, is building up to quite a clatter.

CORWIN WILLSON
Flint, Michigan

THE FINE ARTS IN CHICAGO

To the Editor: I read with a great interest "The Vestal Virgins of Birmingham, Ala." by Christopher Gerould in your issue of December 9.

May I remind you of another replica of a famous building: the Leaning Tower of Pisa, built in 1932 by a Chicago manufacturer, Robert Ilg, in suburban Niles, outside Chicago? He constructed it because he wanted Chicago to have something really unusual. It was built to scale exactly half as big as the original.

EDGAR L. TRIER
New York City

THE GREAT MYSTERY

To the Editor: Do you realize that in the new Eighty-third Congress more Americans will be represented by Democrats in the U.S. House of Representatives than by Republicans because of gerrymandering on the state level?

The Great Mystery of U.S. politics is why the Democrats do not make more of an issue of this. I am positive that if the shoe were on the other foot, the Republicans would crybaby to high heaven.

HENRY STONER
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

THE FOURTH ESTATE

To the Editor: My attention has been called, somewhat belatedly, to an article by Robert Lasch appearing in your November 25 issue. In supporting his thesis that the whistle-stop tour of President Truman during the campaign was "widely underplayed," Mr. Lasch includes the following sentence: "The day after the President passed through Minnesota, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* gave his North Dakota speeches less emphasis than a G.O.P. handout."

President Truman did indeed "pass through" Minnesota at the beginning of his whistle-stop campaign, but he went through in the dead of night. He spoke only once in Minnesota, at Breckenridge on the morning of September 29. The *Pioneer Press* of that date ran a front-page, two-column story headed: IN BRECKENRIDGE TODAY—TRUMAN TO BARE CAMPAIGN TACTICS.

As ours are newspapers, not magazines, the story of Truman's speech in Breckenridge and his early North Dakota talks appeared on the day they were given—not the day after, as Mr. Lasch would seem to prefer. The St. Paul *Dispatch*, the evening sister paper of the *Pioneer Press*, featured Truman's talks as the lead story of the afternoon under a four-column, three-line headline: TRUMAN DENOUNCES IKE AS 'FRONT FOR LOBBIES' IN SPEECH AT FARGO.

On September 30, the *Pioneer Press*, in the edition about which Mr. Lasch is so unhappy, had President Truman still on the front page, along with the G.O.P. handout. The latter happened to be the Republican reply to Mr. Truman's charges of the day before. While Mr. Lasch may consider it distorted journalism to feature answers to the President's charges, it was the policy of the St. Paul newspapers to present in so far as was humanly possible both sides of the political debate and to give both parties' candidates and campaigners equal space, equal headlines, and equal pictures.

This policy brought, of course, nothing but headaches to our editors, for the partisans of both sides accused them of favoring the opposition party. For the fair editors, this campaign was the most difficult of all. They will, I trust, get their rewards in the next world, because as long as there are people like Mr. Lasch around, they are not going to get them in this one.

WALTER T. RIDDER
Washington Correspondent
St. Paul *Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press*

To the Editor: Your statement in the December 9 issue of *The Reporter*—"With the single exception of the Washington *Post*, none of the leading dailies or weeklies have commented on our account of the missing MacArthur history or have even reported its existence"—is being challenged.

Attached hereto is a tearsheet from the Hickory, North Carolina, *Record* showing that we did comment editorially—and we feel that we definitely are one of the leading dailies. Maybe we are not one of the *major* dailies, but in our area *The Record* is highly regarded.

FLOYD A. POWELL
Managing Editor
The Hickory, North Carolina, *Record*

(Our apologies to one of the nation's leading dailies.—THE EDITORS.)

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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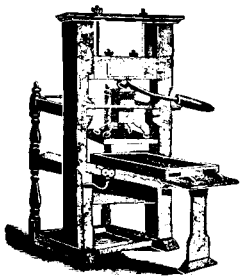

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

IN THIS ISSUE *The Reporter* publishes the second and final installment of "The Wiretappers," by **Charles Clift** and **William S. Fairfield.** As usual, *The Reporter* is not content with simply exposing what it thinks is wrong. Max Ascoli's editorial shows that wiretapping is but the "harbinger" of greater perils to our liberties.

WHEN we read newspaper accounts of the troubles our British friends have been having over oil in Iran, we are apt to feel a bit smug. The problem is serious, we tell ourselves, and stay comfortably remote. But what about potential Mossadeghs at our own back door? In Bolivia, nationalization of the tin mines can create as great a problem for us as the British now face, and have not mastered, in the Middle East. Bolivia's geographical position—encircled clockwise by Brazil, Paraguay, Argentina, Chile, and Peru—together with its enormous mineral resources, make our economic and political relations difficult and crucially important. We have obtained a first-hand report on Bolivia from an expert, **Peter Schmid,** who is a roving correspondent for the Swiss newspaper *Die Weltwoche.* Our readers will remember his article on the Panama Canal Zone in our September 30 issue.

AFTER fifteen years of Communist confession-trials, the world still wonders what power can make men beg to be punished for preposterous crimes that they could not possibly have committed. Usually we are not permitted to find out much about the scapegoats; rather than human beings, they remain mere political symbols. But among the men executed this year in Prague, Clementis was well known abroad, and so was Otto Katz. **Theodore Draper,** whose recollections of Katz appear in this issue, wrote *The Six Weeks War,* an account of the fall of France, and *The Battle for Germany,* a history of the U. S. 84th Infantry Division.

"TODAY marks the end of the first decade of the Atomic Age," wrote **Ralph E. Lapp** in a letter accompanying the manuscript of the article that appears in this issue. "Looking back, the most astonishing thing that meets the eye is the almost too easy way in which A-bombs have been improved. Today the 1945 Hiroshima bomb is but a small thing compared with the mighty strategic A-bombs. These have their destructive power measured in hundreds of thousands of tons of TNT. And even the great Oppenheimer did not foresee that the H-bomb would come as quickly as it did. Man now has to deal with single bombs whose destructive power is measured in millions of tons of TNT.

"What is perhaps just as astonishing is the deep slumber of the American people, who just can't believe in the vulnerability of our country . . ."

Dr. Lapp, who has held a number of important positions in the government's atomic-energy programs, is the author of *Must We Hide?* and a book on the peacetime uses of atomic energy which is about to be published.

WITH *Channels,* **Marya Mannes** introduces a department that we intend to expand—regular criticism of the information and entertainment consumers get from mass media such as television. Miss Mannes is the daughter of the founder of the Mannes School of Music in New York. During the war she was lost in the labyrinth of government work. She emerged to write a novel, *Message from a Stranger,* which in reprint form (Dell Publications) is still being widely circulated. She has contributed to the *New Yorker, Vogue,* and *Art News.*

OUR informant on cyclotrons, **Laura Fermi,** is the wife of Nobel Prize winner Enrico Fermi, who came to this country from Italy and was one of the physicists who furnished the world with the atom bomb. Mrs. Fermi has written for *The Reporter* before; our readers will recall her very personal description of the curious, secluded life the scientists and their families led in Los Alamos. (May 29, 1951).

THE author of *No Peace for Asia,* **Harold R. Isaacs,** whose review of four recent books on the complex of racial tensions in South Africa appears in this issue, is a specialist on colonial problems.

BEFORE bringing out Volume 1, No. 1 of this magazine, on April 26, 1949, the Editor and staff devoted more attention to what they wanted to make of it than to the name it would bear. When we got around to choosing a title we settled on *The Reporter,* which we considered, and still consider, a good name—modest and descriptive of our intention to fill in some of the gaps in most reporters' beats.

Recently, it appears, this title caused mental anguish to a bookseller in Baltimore, who refused to sell our magazine. How could he sell it, this conscientious merchant complained, when a *Reporter* was listed in the Committee on Un-American Activities' "Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications"? The bookseller worried and worried—particularly in view of the fact that the *Reporter* in question was condemned by the California Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948, a year before our magazine made its first bow to the public. In addition to this discrepancy in date, there was also the fact that *The Reporter* (ours) viewed both Communism in general and Stalin in particular with a singular and outspoken lack of sympathy. What's going on? he asked.

The Baltimore bookseller, unfortunately, is not an isolated case. From time to time other friends of ours tell us that people whisper to them that our magazine is listed as "subversive." To put an end to this silly and tiresome business of being confused with a *Reporter* we have never even seen (incidentally we do not mind at all being confused with *Men's Wear Reporter,* a journal ably dedicated to the interests of men's wearing apparel), and to set the bookseller and everybody's mind at rest, we print the following letter:

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES
WASHINGTON

Mr. Albert C. Simonson
Circulation Manager
Fortnightly Publishing Company

Dear Sir:

Upon receipt of your letter of May 8, 1952, I have caused an examination to be made of the records of this Committee. I wish to advise you that the listing on page 148 of House Document 137, "Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications," reflecting a publication "Reporter," refers to the publication of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, a Communist front, and does not refer to the publication "The Reporter" which is published by the Fortnightly Publishing Company.

I trust this will answer your problem.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN S. WOOD, *Chairman*

OUR next issue reports on Canada, a country that has learned much from us, but from which the United States may, in turn, have much to learn; on Korean internal politics viewed in the light of the fact that, whatever one's opinion of him may be, Syngman Rhee is not exactly a young man; on that most difficult of conundrums, the relationship between Red China and Soviet Russia; and on the new Congressional leadership at home.

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Electronics and the Bill of Rights

THE MOST distressing thing about wiretapping is that the moral and legal problems it raises are still the same as when this malignant practice was first brought to public attention. Years have gone by, but no one has equaled—not to say surpassed—the words of Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis in excoriating wiretapping. Ever since, there has been a not-too-broad area of disagreement among those who were trying to find a practical line of demarcation between unconditional outlawing of wiretapping and its controlled, limited use. Yet the line of demarcation has not been found. While the theoretical debate has never stopped, the ugly practice has proceeded unabated.

Our Federal law-enforcement authorities have gotten into the habit of violating a Federal law regularly enough to be paralyzed by bad conscience whenever the same law is violated, to a far greater extent and for less justifiable purposes, by local authorities and private citizens. Each one of the branches of the Federal government has a share of responsibility: the Executive for laxity in the enforcement of an existing statute; Congress for not providing remedial legislation that the Executive itself has repeatedly demanded; the Judiciary for paying more attention to the hesitancies of the Executive and of Congress than to the spirit of the Fourth Amendment.

When a law is unenforced and no other law is enacted to fill the gap, the outcome is lawlessness, and lawlessness is a cancerous disease. *The Reporter's* investigation proves how far this disease has spread. Yet there is no reason to feel helpless, and to think that nothing can be done about it, just because the three branches of the government have so far failed to act. The government of our democracy can be made to act if enough citizens realize how great and how imminent is this threat to our freedoms.

The Wires We Don't Control

We eagerly bring into our homes and into the places where we work electronic devices which infinitely broaden the reach of what we can hear and see. Radio and television have now joined the telephone as household equipment available to nearly everybody. With these gadgets the outside world breaks through the walls of our homes. With radio and television we see and hear the sounds and images other people have prepared for us. With the telephone we can talk and listen, just as we are listened to and talked to by exactly the person we wish to reach, but we are still at the mercy of the infinitely complex technological apparatus.

Radio and television bring entertainers, news analysts, and advertising straight into our homes. We turn a switch, and our tastes, our dreams, our buying habits are exposed to the persuasive influence of private agencies that are subjected to only a moderate amount of governmental control. The telephone offers to people with whom we scarcely wish to converse the chance to reach us. It may be merely the call of a new neighborhood laundry or it may be that of a malicious crank. When the telephone service suffers a stoppage, it is as if we had become deaf and dumb, for our hearing aid, our person-to-person loudspeaker, has gone out of order. Of course, our telephone wire can be tapped, and whatever we say in a business transaction, or just think out loud while talking with a friend, can be played back and used against us.

From time to time we read of a recluse—a poor wretched creature who lived barricaded in a secluded house, without gas or electricity, and with no milkman ever stopping at the door. Somehow, these cases of total retreat from society, and from all that society offers, are covered in great detail by the newspapers and arouse lively curiosity among the public. Perhaps this curiosity comes from the obscure feeling that these recluses are the last quixotic defenders of absolute privacy. A great deal of this privacy too many Americans have given up—the people who keep the radio blaring all day, or who, whenever they don't know what to do with their children, park them in front of a television screen.

Radio and television put us at the mercy of powers that we are scarcely able to recognize or control, just as our telephone wires make us the easy prey

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of blackmailers. We are still like children in dealing with those extraordinary gadgets that have immeasurably enriched our lives: we have not learned to master them, to defend ourselves from the harm that they can do. We can be sucked into a mob while we are sitting at home in front of a radio or television set. Eavesdroppers may tamper with our privacy or we ourselves may thoughtlessly throw it away. The time has come to grow up, to learn fast what a precious thing it is. For privacy is the negative yet essential pole of our freedom. We cannot actively use our freedom to make something better of ourselves or of the world we live in unless we are left, or leave ourselves, alone to work, brood, or just not care. Privacy is to an active, free life what sleep is to our waking hours.

Unless we learn to defend our privacy and obtain from government the assistance we need, the day is not far removed when the keys to our front doors will become just about as symbolic as the keys to our cities sometimes offered to visiting celebrities.

1984 in the 1950's?

Moreover, technology in the field of electronics, as in that of atomic power, moves at its own irresistible pace. Already there are new, extraordinary gadgets on the market. For example there is one that offers better vision, from a central observation post, than that of hundred-eyed Argus. "Wired television," it is called, or "Utiliscope," produced by the Diamond Power Specialty Corporation of Lancaster, Ohio. In their advertisements the makers announce: "If you have any operation too remote, dangerous, or inaccessible to observe directly . . . or if you need to have a single observer watch a number of widely scattered operations. . ." the machine is available, and it is not expensive. Obviously, there is nothing wrong in such a machine. It can be of great use to industry—and to police control. Neither is there anything wrong with those compact television transmitters, easily carried by TV reporters, which brought to our screens the faces and voices of many politicians from the Convention floors.

At present, the Utiliscope is not peering through too many cracks in the walls, and there are no secret TV transmitters lying around. But the telephone, when Alexander Graham Bell was struggling to get it accepted as a reliable means of communication, had to wait some time before it became widely used. When Bell and his associates tried to sell their invention to the Western Union Telegraph Company, they were told that Western Union could not use "an electrical toy." Certainly, the technological means to spy on people described by Orwell in his *Nineteen Eighty-Four* can, within a very few years, start coming in mass production from the assembly lines.

Justice Brandeis was quite right when he wrote: "the progress of science in furnishing the Government with means of espionage is not likely to stop with wiretapping. Ways may some day be developed by which the Government, without removing papers from secret drawers, can reproduce them in court, and by which it will be enabled to expose to a jury the most intimate occurrences of the home." The wiretapping of today is the harbinger of infinitely worse tools that may disastrously encroach on our freedom. This is why it is imperative that the intolerable abuse of wiretapping be stopped—and only the government can do it.

The words of the Fourth Amendment, considering the times when they were written, still offer us the best guidance: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." Of course the writers of the Fourth Amendment were concerned with "papers and effects," not with electricity.

Will freedom—will our Bill of Rights—win the race with electronics? There is enough strength and power in our Constitution to make it certain that freedom will be energized rather than crushed by technology—if only we recognize the danger that lies ahead of us. Wiretapping and all similar devices human ingenuity may invent must be used under the strictest Federal supervision, and then only for the detection of three crimes: treason, sabotage, and espionage. For the detection of all other crimes, no matter how heinous, wiretapping must be outlawed —and outlawed for good.

ONCE more, with its own private means, without power of subpoena, *The Reporter* has done an investigating job. We suggest that a Congressional committee, with the immensely more effective facilities at its disposal, take a look at the facts, at the latest developments of electronic technology—and at the Bill of Rights. If the investigation is conducted in a spirit of devotion to our freedom, there is no doubt as to the law that Congress will finally pass. It will be a law that, by re-establishing the purposes of the Fourth Amendment, will show that in the race between the two—freedom and electronics—freedom has the lead.

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A SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-IV

WIRETAPPING, unfortunately, is one of the *facts of modern life—an electronic in*vader that allows others to peer into our private lives and to overhear the words we speak in the supposed privacy of our offices and our homes. It is a furtive practice, impersonal and indiscriminate as a bullet, affecting alike the criminal and the innocent, the public figure and the law-abiding citizen whose business should be his own concern.

In earlier years, the legality of wiretapping was vigorously questioned by such men as Supreme Court Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis D. Brandeis, Harlan F. Stone, and Pierce Butler. These interpreters of our democratic rights maintained that wiretapping was a basic invasion of the rights of privacy enunciated in the Fourth Amendment, which guarantees "The right of the people to be secure . . . against unreasonable searches and seizures . . ." But when the first wiretapping case reached the Supreme Court in 1928, these four Justices lost to their five colleagues, who stuck to a strict interpretation of the Constitution. The Fourth Amendment, it was held, applied only to "actual physical invasions" of privacy, not to "projected voices."

In 1934, the first Roosevelt Congress decided to recognize the electronic facts of life. The Federal Communications Act of that year included a section specifically intended to outlaw all wiretapping. In layman's language, Section 605, as interpreted by later court decisions, stated that no person could intercept a telephone conversation and divulge the contents to another person, nor could he use the contents for his own benefit or for the benefit of another—*unless* the interceptor had prior permission from both parties to the conversation. Violators were made subject to a two-year prison term, a $10,000 fine, or both.

MEANWHILE Federal agencies, including the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department, had found wiretapping a useful tool in crime detection. They began to seek loopholes in Section 605—loopholes that would allow their own agents to continue tapping. Their early efforts were fruitless; one attempted evasion after another was blocked by the Supreme Court—until, in 1940, Attorney General Robert H. Jackson announced that "the law on wiretapping is now clear and precise; and all future cases of wiretapping will be subject to prosecution in the Federal courts."

A month after Jackson's statement, however, with the United States slowly being drawn into the Second World War, President Roosevelt sent a memo to the Department of Justice which was never made public but which allegedly approved wiretapping "when necessary in situations involving national defense."

By the end of the year, the Department had come up with another tenuous *construction of Section 605—a construction* which held that the only crime was to intercept *and* divulge. A Federal agency that tapped but did not divulge the information could thus be considered within the law.

Since announcing this interpretation of Section 605, the Justice Department has allowed its FBI agents to continue tapping in an increasingly wide variety of cases. The various military intelligence agencies have followed suit. And in the fields of local police tapping and private tapping, the Justice Department, charged with enforcing Section 605, has continued to follow a principle that Attorney General Jackson once candidly stated: "I do not feel that the Department of Justice can in good conscience prosecute persons . . . for a practice . . . engaged in by the Department itself, and regarded as legal by the Department." Only one man—back in 1941—has ever been prosecuted and sentenced for wiretapping, a fact that substantially increases the confidence of the tappers who ply their trade in politics, in business, and in private realms such as divorce cases.

DESPITE rumors to the contrary, the techniques of wiretapping remain much the same as they were ten years ago. The Federal agent has little trouble, for telephone-company co-operation is nearly always forthcoming. In some cases the company will even install taps for the agency on the "main frame" at the exchange, stringing them to a central recording location. But the state or local police tapper (to whom the telephone company today gives its full co-operation only with extreme reluctance) can still be assured that his tap won't be removed if found by company repairmen. Although the private tapper must, of course, operate completely without the company's knowledge, he is nearly always a former phone-company employee. He knows not only the science of tapping but also enough company lingo to bluff regular employees out of the normally confidential information that will give him the location of a certain circuit's "bridging points"—the terminal boxes that link a telephone to the exchange and offer the most convenient locations for installing a tap.

O'Dwyertapping

The private wiretapper, whose fee often runs as high as $1,000 a week, has in recent years found in political rivalries the occasion for some of his most lucrative employment. Republicans have found wiretapping a startlingly effective method of collecting dirt on Democrats, and vice versa.

The former Republican Governor of Rhode Island, William H. Vanderbilt, once paid a New York detective agency some $11,000 to tap the phones of the Democratic Mayor of Pawtucket, Thomas P. McCoy, and of State Attorney General Louis V. Jackvony, the latter a political rival within the state Republican Party.

On the city level, Clendenin Ryan, the would-be reformer, used John ("Steve") Broady's detective agency in 1949 to collect a mountain of information on Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York and his régime. O'Dwyer learned of the scheme and later had Broady and one of his men indicted for tapping the phone of Manhattan Borough President Hugo Rogers. The indictment fell through not long before O'Dwyer resigned as mayor and accepted the post of Ambassador to Mexico.

NATURALLY, political wiretapping has reached its peak in Washington, D. C. As stated in the previous issue of *The Reporter*, Cyrus Ching, the labor mediator, has said that during his mediation of a strike last year his telephone was tapped by both company and union agents. Charges have been made that Robert La Borde, a professional tapper in New York, went to Washington in the pay of private power interests to tap the wires of Supreme Court Justices during hearings on a TVA case.

Perhaps the most serious case—one that would appear to justify immediate Congressional investigation—involves rumors recently spread by an Army Signal Corps Intelligence Agency employee named Edwin Y. Webb. According to these rumors, Webb had listened in on the telephone of Central Intelligence Agency chief Walter Bedell Smith after Webb had made charges of pro-Communism against a dozen-odd fellow employees in SCIA and CIA.

The best-publicized political wiretapping in Washington has involved the efforts of Metropolitan Police Lieutenant Joseph W. Shimon, who tapped wires for various Republican Congressional figures and who has just been cleared of dismissal charges on the ground that his superiors on the force actually knew of his tapping activities all the time. Shimon, who met Senator Owen Brewster through the good offices of Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald and Senator Styles Bridges, worked for Brewster in 1945 and again in 1947, during which periods Brewster engaged in a series of efforts strongly approved by Pan American Airways and just as strongly opposed by P.A.A.'s chief overseas rival, Howard Hughes's Trans World Airlines. In 1945, Shimon tapped the home phone of the late Senator Josiah Bailey when Bailey was the leading Senate opponent of a P.A.A.-favored bill. In 1947, while again working for Brewster, Shimon installed taps on the telephone lines of, among others, Hugh Fulton and Thomas Slack, attorneys for T.W.A., and Noah Dietrich, a Hughes executive.

Wiretapping in Washington, of course, involves various Congressional committees and an assortment of Federal agencies, as will be seen in the following chapter.

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The Wiretappers

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD and CHARLES CLIFT

V. Listening In With Uncle Sam

THE RECENT movie "Walk East on Beacon," based on an article by J. Edgar Hoover and produced in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, proved once again that stealing United States military secrets does not pay. In the process, the film also offered vivid testimony as to the technical ingenuity of the FBI, which has apparently adapted every sort of modern device to the needs of scientific detection.

Still cameras hidden in auto spotlights traced the movements of Russian agents. Radar located a boat they were using. At an indoor rendezvous a concealed microphone and a camera which needed no light televised ensuing events directly to FBI headquarters. At outdoor meetings movie cameras with telescopic lenses substituted for television, recording lip movements for later translation at a school for the deaf. Nowhere in the picture, however, was there the slightest suggestion of wiretapping.

Generally, the subject of FBI tapping was avoided by portraying the Russian agents as too smart to use a telephone. Still, an occasional well-timed tap would have simplified the FBI's task—and incidentally shortened the picture—a good deal.

IN THE LIGHT of periodic statements by various Attorney Generals and by Hoover himself, all admitting that FBI agents did tap telephone wires, the obvious avoidance of the practice in "Walk East on Beacon" may seem somewhat strange—at least until it is recalled that these periodic official admissions have only been made after some public disclosure of Federal wiretapping. Each admission has been quickly coupled with a claim that the government taps only in a limited number of especially serious cases. Federal investigative agencies are always unhappy about disclosures of their wiretapping activities, partly because they don't want their current targets to become suspicious, but mainly because they fear the public reaction to this particular type of invasion of privacy, and because they have not been really sure of their right to tap since the passage of the Federal Communications Act of 1934.

Today the FBI is the only Federal agency that openly admits to any wiretapping, and it insists that the practice is limited to cases of kidnaping and of espionage, sabotage, and other "grave risks to internal security." But if it is a fact that FBI regulations do restrict tapping to certain "grave" cases, then it must also be a fact that the question of what is grave and what isn't is often left to the discretion of individual agents and officials, some of whom seem to cruise over a wide latitude of judgment.

There is further evidence that other Federal agencies, including the Central Intelligence Agency and various military intelligence units, have been avidly tapping away. J. Edgar Hoover, who should know, has said that his is not the only Federal agency employing wiretapping. While the others strongly deny the practice, some will frankly admit that they would deny it even if it were true; others admit that they would not hesitate to tap "in the interest of national defense."

'Never Heard of It!'

Elsewhere in Washington, official denial of wiretapping is even more emphatic. The Treasury Department's Alcohol Tax Unit, Narcotics Bureau, and Bureau of Internal Revenue all claim they haven't tapped wires since 1939, although they do say that they gladly accept wiretap information contributed by the FBI or local police.

Sometimes private professional tappers are hired for specific assignments. Sometimes the FBI or local police are requested to do the tapping. But generally, Federal wiretapping is done by a regular member of the agency in question, a man whose skill is the result of former telephone-company em-

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STRAIGHT TALK

(Words of an Assistant United States Attorney in a mail-fraud case, as quoted by Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy in his dissenting opinion in a 1942 wiretap decision.)

"I am telling you before we go any further that there is no use of us kidding each other. We have watched your telephone; we have watched all these lawyers' telephones; we have had rooms tapped. We know what is going on. We are not stabbing in the dark. If you want to hear your voice on a record we will be glad to play it. . . . You have been in this for so many years that we feel that in order for you to help yourself, since you are considered one of the principals here, it would be wise for you to indicate to us whether you intend to tell us everything and come clean. . . . That is straight talk."

ployment or of training at the FBI Police Academy or at one of the Treasury Department schools that have taught wiretapping in Detroit and New Orleans.

Hoover's Modesty

The FBI, which probably does more wiretapping than any other Federal agency, is at constant pains to depreciate its use of the technique. J. Edgar Hoover's most recent public statement on the subject of tapping was made before a House appropriations subcommittee early in 1950, when the FBI director said his agents were tapping "less than" 170 telephones at the moment. Assuming five conversations over the average phone each day, 170 telephones would carry more than 300,000 tapped conversations a year. Such a figure is merely a guess, but it compares favorably with the concurrent testimony of Mrs. Sophie Saliba, head of the record-file room of the New York office of the FBI. Mrs. Saliba disclosed that more than thirty-five hundred disks of FBI-tapped conversations had been destroyed in 1949. Since a disk can easily hold five telephone conversations, probably these disks held at least 17,500 conversations—all obviously the work of the New York office alone.

As usual, the 1950 statements of Hoover and Mrs. Saliba followed a public disclosure of FBI wiretapping—in this instance as an outgrowth of the Judith Coplon espionage case. When Miss Coplon, a Justice Department employee, was arrested in New York in March of 1949, her purse was found to contain notes lifted from twenty-eight detailed FBI reports. In her Washington trial later that spring, the notes were introduced as evidence that she had stolen government secrets.

Miss Coplon's attorneys, however, demanded that the full texts of the pilfered FBI reports be introduced, so that the jury could determine just how weighty the information taken by Miss Coplon really was. Reluctantly, Judge Albert Reeves agreed. The full reports were introduced on the twenty-eight FBI cases from which Miss Coplon had taken extracts. A quick review showed that wiretap information was included in fifteen of the twenty-eight reports. In four of these fifteen, the FBI had tapped home telephones; in the remaining eleven, the Bureau's information came from taps on the lines of foreign embassies and consulates and of pro-Soviet organizations.

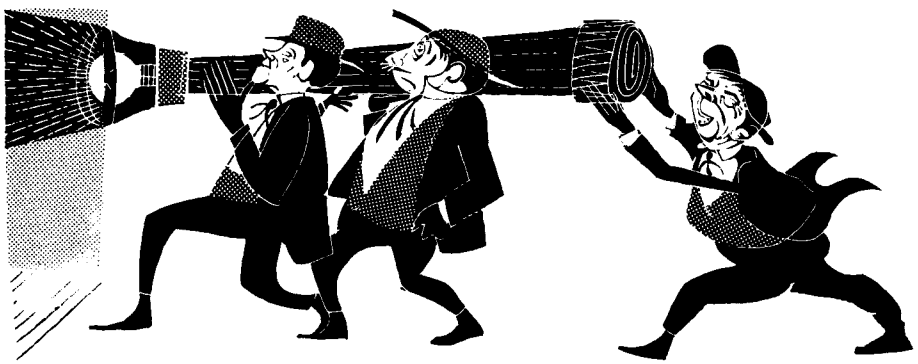
At Miss Coplon's Washington trial, her attorney, suspecting exactly this sort of widespread FBI use of wiretap information, demanded that Federal agents be called for questioning on the possible use of tapping against his client. He felt that under Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act, evidence gained through wiretapping would be inadmissible in court. Justice Department prosecutors called the defense demands "a fishing expedition," and Judge Reeves concurred. On June 30, 1949, without any determination as to whether the government had obtained its evidence through wiretapping, Judith Coplon was convicted of espionage and sentenced to a maximum of ten years in prison.

In December, 1949, however, prior to a second Coplon trial in New York on conspiracy charges, Judge Sylvester Ryan did allow defense attorneys to examine the sources of the government's evidence. Quickly the full story came out. Forty FBI agents had tapped the telephones in Miss Coplon's Washington apartment, in her office, and in her family's home in Brooklyn. They had tapped not only before her arrest in March but for two months thereafter. On July 12, after the Washington conviction, they had resumed the tapping and had kept at it until November 10. On the last date, the Coplon tap was discontinued by a directive (dated November 7) from Washington, "in view of the immediacy of her trial." The directive, which referred to the tap by the code name of TIGER, also ordered that all recordings be destroyed. At the end was written: "O.K.—H," and under that: "This memorandum . . . to be destroyed after action is taken."

Judge Ryan denounced the "unlawful activities of the wiretappers," and added: "Section 605 . . . not only forbade such interception but rendered its contents inadmissible as evidence and made . . . the use of divulgence of information so obtained a felony . . . This is still the law."

However, the judge ruled that the FBI had a case against Miss Coplon completely aside from the wiretap evidence. On March 7, 1950, just a year after her arrest, she was convicted and sentenced to an additional fifteen years in prison.

IN DECEMBER, 1950, the New York Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the conviction of the lower court, partly because it felt the government had yet to prove its evidence was not the product of unlawful wiretapping. Nevertheless, the court, pointing out that



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Miss Coplon's "guilt is plain," refused to dismiss the indictment and suggested a retrial.

Six months later the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia also passed judgment on the conviction of its lower court. While upholding Miss Coplon's conviction, it remanded the case to the lower court for hearings to determine whether her conversations with her attorney had been tapped—as the report of round-the-clock FBI tapping until November 10 certainly indicated. Such tapping, the court held, would have constituted a grave violation of Miss Coplon's Constitutional rights. "No conviction," the decision stated, "can stand, no matter how overwhelming the evidence of guilt, if the accused is denied effective assistance of counsel."

Miss Coplon remains free on bond. To date, the FBI tapping has merely served to protect a woman in whose purse classified government information was found. The evidence also served to show how far the FBI's tapping practices had extended in invading Constitutional rights and in trying to deceive the courts.

Some 'Routine' Taps

Today, reports persist that the FBI maintains a constant tap on the telephones of all Iron Curtain embassies. Whether the telephone company, always uneasy about wiretapping, has actually co-operated to the extent of stringing these taps into a central switchboard makes little difference. It usually co-operates. Quite recently, when a company repairman found a tap installed at the basement terminal box in Washington's National Press Building, he reported his discovery to the company. "Forget it," he was told. "That's on the Russian news agency, Tass, upstairs." Earlier, another company employee had surprised two men at a terminal box in an apartment building where a foreign official was staying. When he asked for their company passes, they ran. Later his boss called him in and introduced the two, both FBI men.

In the field of domestic crime, the FBI insists it taps wires only in kidnaping cases, although sometimes it expands this statement to include all cases "involving life and death." But here again, at least some agents of the FBI seem unable to stick to the Bureau's defined limits. In 1941, FBI men were found to be tapping the telephone of union leader Harry Bridges in the Edison Hotel, New York, in the course of deportation proceedings against him. In the same year, it was reported that the FBI had tapped telephones at Miami police headquarters during a corruption inquiry—and incidentally had had its own wires tapped in return.

In 1948, John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers president, accused Attorney General Tom Clark of using FBI men to tap UMW telephones. "Surely," said Lewis, "old Tom hasn't forgotten the day he sent one of his gumshoe men in to tap our telephones in our office and our boys threw him out on his ear. They caught him right at the control box in the basement, tapping her up, and they threw him out." Clark answered that no tap was necessary because Lewis roared so loud.

LESS THAN two years ago, a United Auto Workers union official in Detroit discovered an even more arbitrary reason for wiretapping by local FBI agents. The official had been investigating the series of bombings and shootings that had destroyed UAW property and had wounded UAW leaders Walter and Victor Reuther. When the FBI moved into the case, the Federal agents refused to pool their energies with the UAW man, perhaps because he had once exposed an FBI informant who was also active in labor-espionage work. They could have got the UAW man's information by simply asking for it. Instead, the UAW investigator surmised, the FBI agents preferred to tap his telephone line and find out in that way what he knew.

Suspecting such a tap, he complained to the telephone company. There an official would only answer that the requests of certain agencies "had to be complied with."

FBIdes of April

On the last day of March, the UAW investigator decided to find evidence that the FBI was tapping his line, a fact of which he was so sure that he bet a fifth of whiskey on it. From his Detroit office, he telephoned a friend and reported that a certain hoodlum was going to hold a celebration, in company with all those involved in the Reuther shooting, at 11:30 that evening in an east-side tavern. The friend, who had been coached on what to say, agreed that "Plan A" would be best, and the two worked out certain complex signals. On his other office line, the UAW investigator then called a second friend upstate, who was in on the act, to be told that another hoodlum suspected in the Reuther case had just left for Detroit. The 11:30 meeting was again discussed along with "Plan A." Then the UAW man went home, from his home phone called a third friend, and again delivered his tavern information and discussed "Plan A."

Shortly afterward, his first friend showed up. Together, they painted crude signs on paper, rolled up the sheets, and headed for the tavern.

The tavern was hot and stuffy, but two young men sat at the far end of the bar in their coats—as if to hide shoulder holsters. The UAW investigator recognized one as an FBI agent; the other he was to meet later at the FBI's Detroit headquarters. The clock above the bar ticked past 11:30 and then reached midnight. It was April 1.

Suddenly the UAW man and his companion unfurled their hand-painted signs. Each was inscribed with the same two words: "APRIL FOOL." To date, the UAW investigator is not sure which he enjoyed more—the startled expressions on the agents' faces or the bottle of whiskey he collected without argument the following day.

Outside the FBI, wiretapping on the Federal level is a somewhat disorganized business. No other government agency seems to have any set formula

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or any set method of operation. The Central Intelligence Agency, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and Army G-2 (Intelligence) all "do quite a bit of tapping," according to Kenneth Ryan, a professional tapper who practiced his trade with ONI's "ferret" squad during the war and who has also worked with other Federal agencies. "But mostly," Ryan says, "they tap on their own personnel or on each other."

A wartime official in one Federal investigative agency recalls requesting the Washington telephone company to put a tap on someone he had under surveillance. A week later the company's liaison man showed up with a sealed envelope of transcribed conversations. Through a strange bit of confusion, however, these turned out to be not the desired monitoring but transcriptions, made for another investigative agency, of telephone conversations between the official himself and members of his staff.

THE CIA has also offered support for Ryan's statement. Within the agency, employees' telephones have been monitored for loose talk. And there is evidence that home phones of new employees are also tapped. Recently, when such an employee was about to be sent overseas, he looked out his kitchen window one morning to see a man tracing his "drop wires" into the terminal box on a nearby telephone pole. Since he had not planned to tell anyone his overseas destination anyway, the employee was merely amused.

The Office of Naval Intelligence is also busy monitoring the lines of Navy personnel, although its total wiretapping activities are probably somewhat diminished since the days when the ONI used to lend its investigative facilities to the State Department. In those days, with a staff including men like Kenneth Ryan, ONI reportedly even found time to tap the phones of Drew Pearson when the columnist began printing items unfavorable to the Navy. Pearson is said to have rewarded ONI's efforts to learn his sources with a wide variety of false leads.

Army G-2 is perhaps the most frank about its wiretapping practices. It admits it would tap "without hesitation in any case where the national security was involved." A spokesman points out that Secretary of the Army Frank Pace has publicly stated his opposition to wiretapping. "But," he adds, "Frank has never sent any directive on the subject to G-2, and I hope he never will." The spokesman further admits that G-2 has monitored all Pentagon lines from time to time, and will continue to do so. "The only way to prevent wiretapping leaks," he says, "is not to say anything over the telephone. These smart boys think they're talking in code, but a child could break it after three conversations."

Over in the Treasury Department, tapping is vehemently denied by all investigative branches, although most officials will admit that Treasury once led the Federal field in wiretapping. In the days when Henry Morgenthau served as Secretary, the Department taught wiretapping at its schools, and its Alcohol Tax Unit maintained a highly efficient laboratory where wiretap-detection devices were developed. Morgenthau believed wholeheartedly in wiretapping: "We do not propose to be sissies," he once said. But his own concern with the practice apparently backfired. In his last years as Secretary at least one Treasury expert had a full-time assignment checking for taps on Morganthau's office line and on his home phones in Washington and New York.

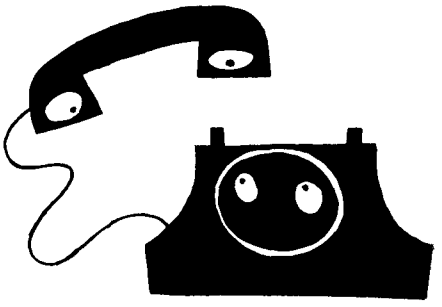
Despite present Treasury denials of wiretapping, alcohol-tax agents still work in their electronics laboratory. Dwight Avis, head of the ATU, is still known to his associates as a top expert. Sometimes the temptation to tap must be almost too much for the frustrated agent stymied on a tough assignment.

Regular Federal agencies have also been known to tap the phones of employees. In 1933, Department of the Interior officials used extension phones to intercept conversations—a form of tapping that was halted abruptly when Harold Ickes, then Secretary, learned of it some eight months later. In 1946, when Fiorello La Guardia took over the directorship of UNRRA, the former Mayor of New York hired professional wiretappers to check on a report that bribes were being taken in letting contracts. La Guardia fired underlings revealed to be guilty; but first he called them in, played back the incriminating conversations, and in his inimitable style told the culprits exactly what he thought of them.

Congressional Committees

From time to time, various Congressional committees, not to be left behind, also have found it expedient to listen in on telephone lines. The House District Committee once used Washington police to tap phones in the Hamilton Hotel during an investigation of milk bootlegging in the District of Columbia. The Kefauver Committee used wiretap information inadmissible in Federal court in its crime investigation. Most recently, the House's King subcommittee investigating tax scandals hired a wiretapper named William Mellin, who worked for the committee in December, 1951, as a "technical investigator." Mellin has never claimed any vocation but wiretapping.

THUS the pattern of Federal wiretapping emerges. As many of the details are missing as the agencies involved have been able to conceal. But enough has been uncovered to trace a general structure. It is a disjointed structure and not pleasant to look at—especially since it reveals men nervously defying a law they are supposed to be enforcing.



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VI. Cops and Robbers, Doxies and Dicers

WHEN POLICE arrested the young margarine heir Minot F. ("Mickey") Jelke and his associates last summer on charges of maintaining a vice ring, the New York Vice Squad could hardly credit its triumph to the kind of hard, plodding investigative work that is generally the mark of a good police force. After receiving a tip, police merely installed a tap on the playboy's apartment telephone, and in comparative ease recorded calls until they had enough evidence to move in and make arrests.

The approach was not new. In each recent year, New York police have used wiretapping in some three hundred criminal investigations. One in 1948 led to the conviction, on charges of "loitering for the purpose of committing an act of prostitution," of one Nancy Fletcher Choremi. This case provoked the New York County Criminal Courts Bar Association into an inquiry on private and official tapping practices. The Association's report urged an FCC investigation, which never materialized.

The tapping in all these cases was specifically authorized under a New York State statute which permits police wiretapping, subject only to the necessity of obtaining a court order. The technical legal question—whether state laws authorizing wiretapping are Constitutional—has just been settled by the Supreme Court: Wiretap evidence is admissible in state courts.

STATE LAW or no state law, local police in every major city in the United States are today tapping telephone lines—from Boston to Los Angeles, from Chicago to Miami. While Federal agents professedly tap only in the most serious crimes, local enforcement agencies seem to do their tapping mainly in the fields of gambling and prostitution, where incriminating evidence is recorded side by side with the conversations of many who may hardly be considered as criminals, where publication of the recordings can thus subject the innocent to extreme embarrassment, and where secrecy can open the way for corrupt police to blackmail the guilty.

State and local police can afford to wink at the Federal statute against wiretapping, in view of the U.S. Department of Justice's well-known reluctance to prosecute even private wiretappers. But there is another reason why police have carried tapping so much further than Federal agents. Kenneth Ryan, a tapper with the New York police for twenty-one years, has said of his trade: "It's just a time-saver; that's all it is." In Detroit, Inspector Clayton Nowlin of the Vice Squad agrees: "A lot of policemen are lazy," he says. "You can get the information you need if you just go out and develop it. But some of the boys would rather sit in an easy chair with the earphones on."

Denials and Euphemisms

Laziness must be the answer, for local police are well aware of the extralegal and unethical nature of wiretapping. When questioned, local enforcement officials will try, almost universally, to deny the practice. A reporter who called the New York County District Attorney's office recently was given a grudging admission of wiretapping only after he mentioned the presence on the D.A.'s staff of a

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well-known police tapper named O'Sullivan. Some time later, the District Attorney's office introduced wiretap evidence against Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese in a New York State crime investigation. In Detroit, former Police Commissioner Harry Toy told the same reporter that he had used wiretapping to break up a hockey "fix" scandal several years back and to crack a numbers ring. For details, Toy referred the reporter to the present Deputy Police Superintendent, Lawrence Kennedy. Kennedy promptly denied that Detroit police had ever tapped a telephone line.

Police forces conceal their wiretapping activities by various methods. Some use euphemisms for the practice, such as the official term "technical surveillance" in Chicago. Others give tappers assignments that hide their true duties.

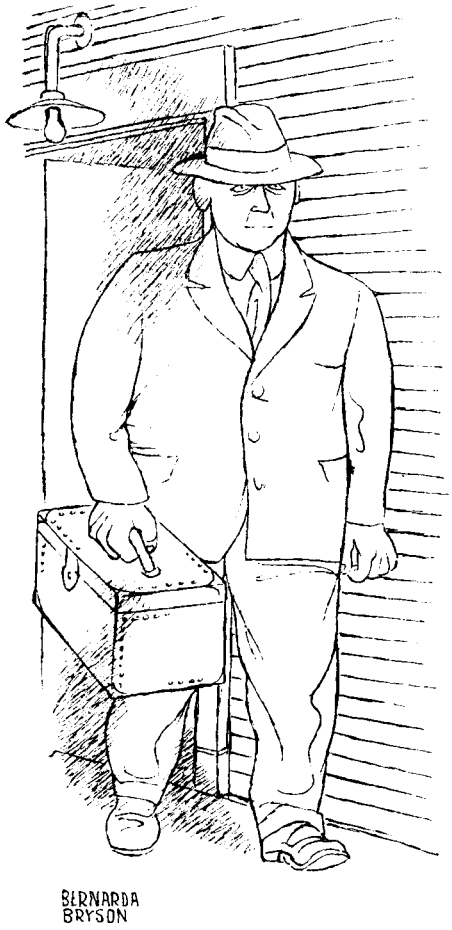
In New York, for example, Kenneth Ryan was assigned to the Bomb Squad. In Washington, Vice-Squad men do the wiretapping. The Washington police force also protects itself by refusing to buy any wiretapping equipment; it rents what it needs from private firms. The Los Angeles force has gone one step further; instead of having a tapper on the staff, it hires outside professionals whenever a job comes along.

The New York City police force has the most elaborate wiretapping organization in the nation. Perhaps fifty lines are tapped daily, sometimes under court orders, sometimes without such formalities. In addition to these full-time taps, spot checks are made regularly on the lines of hundreds of bookies.

The number of professional tappers on the New York City payroll has never gone higher than six, but these men—split between the city squad and the District Attorney's office—are sufficient. They install the taps and they remove them. Spare patrolmen and rookies, who know nothing about the techniques of wiretapping, do the monitoring.

ALTHOUGH most of the big names in the criminal world are tapped intermittently, ninety per cent of New York police wiretapping involves gambling and bookmaking. This in turn encompasses not only the phones of known bookies but also public pay stations at local baseball parks, race tracks, sports arenas, and even midtown restaurants, from all of which calls to bookies are often placed. At various times, the pay phones have been tapped at Ebbets Field, the Polo Grounds, Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Station, and—quite recently—at Toots Shor's and Dinty Moore's restaurants.

The tap on Toots Shor's pay phones paid off just last spring, when Phil Regan, the nightclub singer who entertained at the Democratic National Convention, called from Shor's to arrange an appointment between Mayor John V. Kenny of Jersey City and the high-ranking mobster Anthony Strollo, alias Tony Bender. Kenny considered Bender the only man capable of breaking up a current dock strike on the Jersey waterfront, and Regan set up a midnight meeting between the two men at the singer's apartment in the Warwick Hotel. According to the New York *Times*, detectives from the District Attorney's office were well staked out in the hotel lobby to observe the comings and goings of the principals. The news story did not indicate how the detectives had happened to be in the right place at the right time.



What D'ya Hear?

Any telephone tap involves recording the conversations of innocent people. One New York policeman has reported that while tapping a private line he recorded calls to the Juilliard School of Music, the Brooklyn Law School, the Mercantile Commercial Bank, a health club, a stationery store, a real-estate company, a garage, dentists, taverns, brokers, and a New York police station. The tapping of a public pay station obviously increases the problem many times, since both parties to a recorded conversation frequently have nothing to do with what the police are investigating. Over a tapped pay telephone, a man may hold legitimate but highly personal conversations with his wife, his lawyer, his doctor, his broker, or his business associates. On that tap sits an underpaid rookie. Suddenly he has information worth money—either to the man calling or to his personal or professional rivals. The temptation is obvious.

WIRETAPPING has brought many surprises to the tappers. Kenneth Ryan can recall the day in the mid-1930's when he placed a tap on the line of Vito Genovese, whose connection with Murder, Inc., was then under investigation by New York police. Genovese lived on Washington Square, in the building where Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt maintained an apartment. To tap Genovese's phone, Ryan got the pair number of the gunman's line, located his terminal box, found a "spare pair," or dead line, in the same box, cross-connected the spare pair to Genovese's pair, and then tapped in on the spare pair some blocks away.

Two days later, Ryan returned to the "plant" to see how the tap was going. "My God!" said the patrolman-monitor. "Do you know who we've got on here? F.D.R.!"

Ryan checked, and discovered that Mrs. Roosevelt had moved into her Washington Square apartment and had been given for her phone connection the same spare pair he was using. At the moment, she was talking about having a bath ready for the President, who was due in that night.

Ryan quickly returned to the Genovese terminal box, eager to remove his

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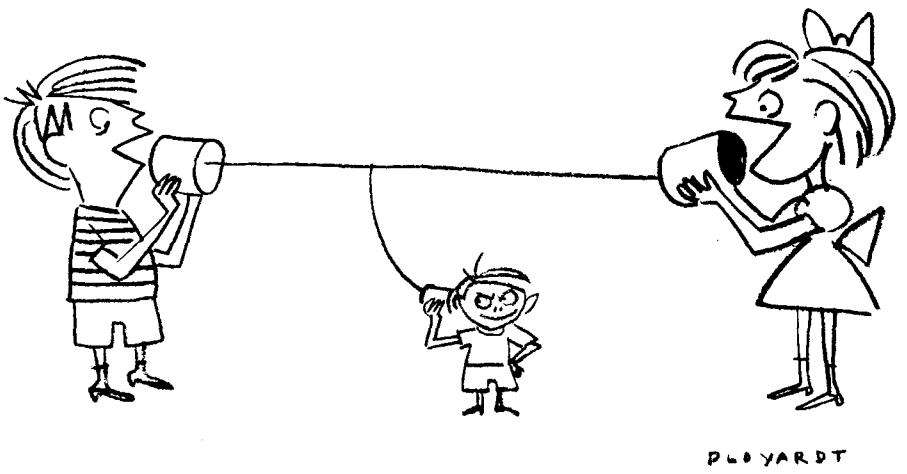


tap. But when he reached the box, he found it guarded by Secret Service men. "I wasn't happy about being on the Roosevelt line," Ryan says. "I wasn't even interested. But with the Secret Service on guard, all we could do was sweat it out."

Bizarre Happenings in L. A.

In spite of the prominence of New York City in the wiretapping field, the New York force has never gone as far as have law-enforcement officials in Los Angeles and Washington, who have tapped their own staff members in checking on police corruption.

The Los Angeles case, which came to light in 1949, involved the tapping of telephone conversations between Sergeant E. V. Jackson of the Vice Squad and the gangster "Snow White" Mickey Cohen, and between Jackson and Brenda Allen, directress of production for a high-toned Hollywood call house. Some sixty hours of selected recordings were played to a special grand jury.

Aside from Miss Allen, the most colorful figure to emerge from the series of disclosures was one J. Arthur Vaus, a stout former theological student in his early thirties, who at the time was the head of Electronic Engineering Consultants, a firm located in the same building as Mickey Cohen's haberdashery shop. Vaus, who later was to give up his work in crime and politics after attending a Billy Graham revival meeting, was apparently willing to work either side of the wiretapping street where money was available to pay him.

Before the grand jury, Vaus admitted that the Los Angeles Vice Squad had a habit of calling on him for "rush jobs" of wiretapping. He further testified that Sergeant Charles Stoker, like Jackson a member of the Vice Squad, had paid him to tap Stoker in on conversations between Miss Allen and Jackson, over the wires of the Vice Squad telephone.

A year earlier Vaus had also worked for Mickey Cohen. Cohen, who admitted to being "bug-happy," had first tried to hire Russell Mason, a private Los Angeles detective and expert wiretapper. The gangster had offered Mason $50,000 a year to become his "personal sound engineer," but Mason had declined, because, he later said, he was working for the police department.

J. Arthur Vaus proved to be an adequate substitute. Cohen suspected that his $120,000 Brentwood bungalow, completed in April, 1947, had been wired for sound by Sergeant Jackson during its construction. A year later, Vaus went to work for the gangster and, with the aid of a mine detector, quickly discovered the outlet cable the police had buried in Cohen's lawn.

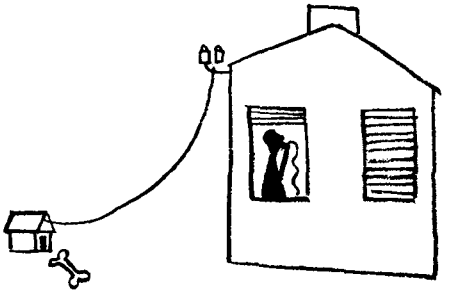
Vaus also taught Cohen the advantages of wiretapping. In January, 1949, Sergeant Jackson arrested Harold ("Happy") Meltzler, a close Cohen associate, on a charge of carrying firearms. When the trial came up in May, Cohen, with the able assistance of Vaus, was ready. The gangster appeared in court one day, followed by Vaus lugging a recording machine. "When the jury hears these," Cohen announced, "it will blow the case right out of court. The recordings are dynamite."

The judge, who knew his wiretapping law, refused to receive the recordings in evidence. But the three Cohen lawyers defending Meltzler did get a chance to indicate what the Vaus recordings, made over Cohen's own telephone, would have shown. They accused Sergeant Jackson of trying to shake down Cohen for $5,000 as a contribution to Mayor Bowron's coming re-election campaign. In return, the lawyers charged, things were to be squared for Mickey, who was then under indictment for conspiracy to beat up a radio-store proprietor.

Within a month, Vaus was before the Los Angeles grand jury investigating police corruption. He testified as to the results of his recording work for Cohen. Then Sergeant Stoker told of what he had heard, thanks to Vaus, over Brenda Allen's line. Ray Pinker, a police "technician," followed with a report on the taps he had placed on the Vice Squad's phone and on a nearby pay station in April, 1948. The indictment of Sergeant Jackson soon followed, although he was later acquitted.

Some Washington Disclosures

In 1941, a somewhat similar case of police tapping police became a front-page story in Washington, D. C. During a House subcommittee investigation of the District police department,



'NOTHING BUT THE BEST'

When the story broke in Los Angeles several years ago that the police had had gambler Mickey Cohen's bungalow wired for sound for twelve months, reporters questioned him about a report that he had paid $20,000 for complete transcripts of his living-room conversations during the period. Mickey scoffed. "Why, the cops should pay me for the three thousand hours of classical music I fed into their machine! I knew all the time they had a bug in my rug. I gave them fine music, nothing but the best—Bach and Beethoven."

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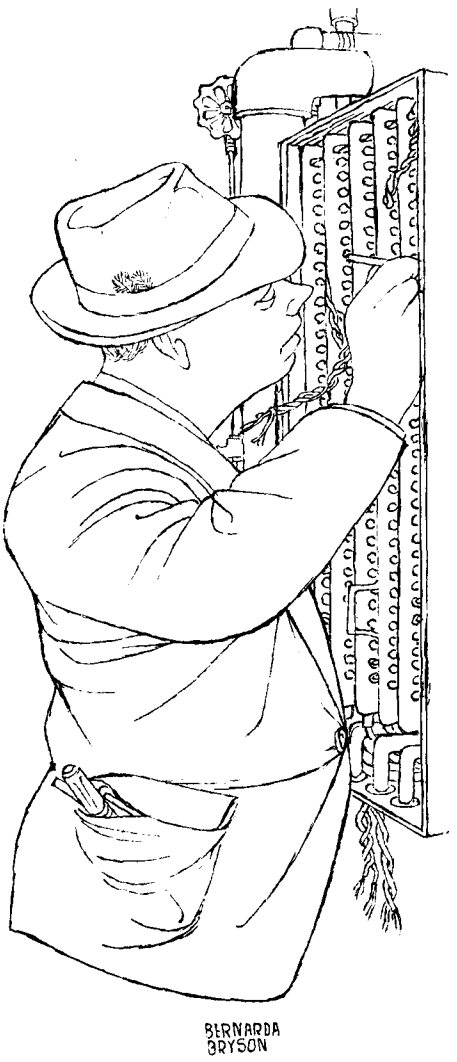

Captain George M. Little testified that nine men had been fired from his gambling squad and that wiretapping, at least in part, had led to the shakeup. Little cited the case of a night sergeant who was discharged after a telephone tap showed he was consorting with suspected criminals, one of whom had made an appointment to meet the sergeant at home. The captain attributed the tapping to a secret District police squad that employed two former telephone-company employees as "wire-work specialists," and added that the squad was undermining police morale. When other officers agreed, even to the extent of using the word "Gestapo," the secret squad was quickly disbanded.

Before its dissolution, the special District squad had done a wide variety of wiretapping and other investigative work, not only in local cases but also on request from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the FBI, Army and Navy Intelligence, the House Un-American Activities Committee, and an assortment of other Congressional committees. Because of the District police department's dependence on Congress for operating funds, a limited number of wiretapping requests from Capitol Hill have continued to be honored by the department—generally by assignment of a roving police team.

THE Federal Communications Act of 1934, even if it has not been enforced, has at least made wiretapping more difficult. Before 1934, telephone-company officials rarely refused to help police tappers. The "back tap," installed as a company courtesy on the main frame at the exchange, made police telephone interception a relatively simple matter. But the Communications Act, along with several wiretapping scandals, forced company officials into retreat. Back taps are no longer available, and local police forces have learned to be satisfied if the telephone company just maintains a hands-off policy. "A company repairman will stumble on a police tap, then pretend to have something in his eye until the tappers can clear out," a member of the Chicago Crime Commission has said in explaining telephone-company policy in his area.

State police, of course, are just as thoroughly enmeshed in wiretapping as are city and county law-enforcement agencies. On the state level, however, the tapping generally has political overtones. Often it is a matter of the party in power's tapping to get information on rival machines.

Four Burning Ears

Such was the case in New York State in 1943, when Thomas E. Dewey, the crusading district attorney who owed so much to wiretapping and who had done so much to promote the practice, moved into the Governor's Mansion at Albany. One of Dewey's first moves was an attempt to crack down on the O'Connell brothers, brewery owners and leaders of Albany's well-oiled Democratic machine, whose power was neatly summarized in the slogan of their beer: "Hedrick or Else!"

Dewey, as the story has it, called in some of his former New York City police assistants, and a wiretap was promptly installed on several O'Connell telephone lines, state police doing the monitoring.

One day not long afterward, the state trooper in charge of the wire work dropped in on Dewey's executive assistant, Paul Lockwood, and remarked that the telephone conversations of the brothers O'Connell were something to startle even a hardened eavesdropper. One afternoon when affairs of state were a bit dull, Lockwood repeated the trooper's remark to Dewey, and the two officials decided to hear for themselves.

Soon the able assistant and the distinguished young Governor were huddled together at the listening post, earsets adjusted. Both started with anticipation as one of the O'Connell brothers put in a call to a New York State Supreme Court Justice.

The circuit was completed, and O'Connell began discussing a business deal—with such frankness that the judge warned O'Connell to be careful, since his wires might be tapped. At the listening post, pleasure, according to the legend, lighted the faces of Dewey and Lockwood. But the smiles vanished when O'Connell replied, "I don't give a damn what that [obscenity] little mustachioed [obscenity] Dewey hears me say, and that goes for his fat-pratted assistant Lockwood, too!"

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VII. Lone Wolves And Private Ears

INSIDE the Adelphi Bar in Philadelphia sits an impeccably dressed man in his late fifties. In a faintly Southern accent he orders a succession of drinks, and his orders are filled with the deference accorded a steady customer. The man's face is familiar in most of the city's fashionable bars and hotels, but few, even among the café regulars, know his name. To most he is simply "Gentleman Pete."

Although Gentleman Pete enjoys living up to his title, the drinks follow one another with such regularity that his benders often last for weeks and even months.

From Taproom to Tap

Benders, of course, cost money, and Pete is not independently wealthy. Occasionally he must cease his pub-crawling to build a new cash reserve. His vocational abilities, partly the product of a first-rate engineering education, are quite specialized, but Pete manages to employ them, during his minimum periods of sobriety, for maximum gain. By working only a few days, he is often able to satisfy his thirst for several months. Gentleman Pete is, in short, a professional wiretapper.

Eighteen years back, Pete was employed by the telephone company of a Southern city as an extension engineer. His progress within the company was severely limited by his weakness for alcohol. Then one day a married friend who suspected his wife of infidelity asked Pete's help.

Thanks to his technical experience, Pete found it simple to tap the wife's telephone and to record conversations between her and an unknown man. Identifying the man was more difficult. After painstaking work, Pete finally discovered that the man was a lumber dealer, calling long distance but relaying the calls through the branch office of his firm so that the conversations seemed to be local when overheard. The grateful husband came through with a three-thousand-dollar reward. Gentleman Pete promptly quit his job and took off on a cross-country bender.

In New Orleans, Pete explained his source of temporary affluence to acquaintances, and was soon introduced to a Lake Charles oil man. The oil man, who believed that a Louisiana state official was accepting bribes for granting leases on public lands to certain business rivals, hired Gentleman Pete to prove the charge. A tap was installed on the official's home telephone, and regular conversations between the official and the bribers were recorded. The job lasted several weeks and Pete received better than ten thousand dollars for his efforts—enough for quite a lengthy binge.

Gentleman Pete's reputation spread, and soon he could find a job whenever his bank account ran low. At first his employers were mostly oil men. A Texas land speculator hired him to tap the line of an oil-company geologist who telephoned his findings to his company each evening. On the tips the tap

provided, the land speculator bought heavily and successfully. A few weeks later, Gentleman Pete was handed some twenty-five thousand dollars.

ANOTHER oil-company executive hired Pete to tap the line of a competitor to whom the executive had recently paid eight million dollars for certain industrial plants. The tap soon indicated that the competitor was planning to hang onto a pilot plant in Pennsylvania for himself. Again, Pete's reward was far out of proportion to the amount of work involved.

By the end of the last war, Gentleman Pete had branched out into other wiretapping fields. On a Southern visit, he met a matron whose control of an exclusive club was being threatened by a social rival. Pete tapped the upstart's line and compiled a list of her supporters. Reportedly the fee was only two thousand dollars, but Pete was able to drink his way back to Philadelphia and then some.

GENTLEMAN PETE now works no more than a dozen weeks a year. He prefers jobs in or near Philadelphia, but will go farther afield if the reward is sufficient. Each year, in fact, he flies to the West Coast at least once on a specific assignment for a well-known lawyer. And his present wiretapping activities include a wide range of business, political, and domestic-relations cases. He has also on occasion undertaken delicate assignments in Mexico and Cuba.

In many nonalcoholic ways, Gentleman Pete's career closely parallels that of practically every professional wiretapper in America: He was gifted in electronics to start with. His talents led to a job with the telephone company. Then someone asked him to install a tap, promising more money than a company salary would total in months. He accepted the offer, learned to like the money and the hours, quit his job, and became a wiretapper.

Pros and Prices

Gentleman Pete is apparently the only free-lance wiretapper operating on a national scale. However, he has his counterparts in every major city—not many of them, to be sure, but about four in New York, two in Washington, two in Chicago, one in Miami, two in Los Angeles, and perhaps another dozen elsewhere. These few men are responsible for almost all the private wiretapping done in the nation today, although, despite stringent company regulations, a maverick telephone-company employee will still install a private tap occasionally, persuaded by money or by friendship.

Usually the professionals, difficult to find and wary of new customers, confine their activities to their favorite cities, where they have learned the local telephone system from the inside and

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where they have enough contacts to find enough people with enough money and enough troubles to make wiretapping pay not only well but steadily.

Few free-lance wiretappers have the personal contacts of Gentleman Pete, and most are satisfied to farm out their talents to a number of private detective agencies that hire on a job-to-job basis. No detective agency maintains a regular wiretapper on its staff, for tapping assignments are not that frequent. Even the most high-powered private agencies employ the practice in fewer than ten cases a year. The average client simply will not foot the costs, pyramided as they are by the skilled personnel, by the special equipment required, and by the risks involved.

One New York wiretapper asks fifty dollars a day for his services, plus such additional funds as may be needed for bribing janitors and renting space for a "plant." Another New York professional gets a five-hundred-dollar fee for installing the tap, plus twenty-five dollars a day for maintenance. To such costs must be added the detective agency's cut, and the client who ends up paying less than seven hundred dollars a week for a tapping job can consider himself fortunate.

WHILE these prices hold private wiretapping to a minimum, the professional can make a good living as long as he gets his share of assignments and as long as he can supplement his income with jobs in related fields of electronic detection, such as installing secret microphones and checking lines of worried clients for the taps of others. The private wiretapper, in fact, makes dozens of line inspections for every tap he installs. Competent tapchecking is no simple matter, for each bridging point must be personally inspected to assure a tap-free line. But since checking involves no elaborate equipment, no bribery, and no law violation, its costs are quite reasonable. The professional generally charges between twenty-five and fifty dollars for a complete line inspection, although some big names in the underworld have volunteered to pay much more.

Turning the Cables

Actually, the telephone company itself will inspect a subscriber's line for taps if requested to do so. But the company often refuses to disclose results of its checks. If the tap is police-installed, it will not even be removed. The suspicious subscriber, hardly satisfied with such service, looks elsewhere.

Often he goes to a detective agency, but occasionally he may find a telephone-company lineman who will do the job on the side. In 1951 the Kefauver Committee heard testimony from exactly such a lineman, James F. McLaughlin of New York. While working for the telephone company, McLaughlin testified, he had met one Irving Sherman. Sherman introduced him to Frank Costello, who paid McLaughlin $50, $100, and even $150 to check Costello's wires at frequent intervals over a three-month period. McLaughlin was soon also checking the lines of such celebrities as Dandy Phil Kastel and Nat Herzfeld, as well as the wires of Mayor William O'Dwyer. Sherman made all the contacts.

Nat Herzfeld, McLaughlin said, had a switchboard on which every line proved to be tapped. McLaughlin recalled telling Herzfeld of the taps and added that Herzfeld replied: "As long as I know they are there, I don't care. Let them stay there."

Herzfeld's reaction is not unusual. John ("Steve") Broady, the studiously casual head of one of New York's more fabulous private detective agencies, claims he never removes a tap found on a client's telephone line. "We can use that tap to make the opposition eighty per cent ineffective," he says. "I've fed false information into a tapped phone and sent opposition agents all the way to California and even overseas chasing down phony leads. Work out the conversations with my clients just like a movie script."

BROADY is a periodic employer of the two leading wiretappers in New York, Kenneth Ryan and Robert C. La Borde. Each of these men completed his apprenticeship with the New York Telephone Company many years ago. Both tapped wires for the New York Police Department before entering the field of private tapping. Each has since been arrested for wiretapping more than once, but each has escaped conviction so far.

In temperament, however, the two men are far apart. Ryan is the scientist, quietly proud of his work and of his contributions to the mechanics of wiretapping. La Borde is the artist-showman of wiretapping, a man who brings a kind of rough glamour to his skill and his accomplishments. Ryan is a boyish-faced family man, living contentedly in a small home in Yonkers, puttering in his basement workshop, and commuting to the city only when necessary. La Borde, large of body and florid of face, prefers a Broadway office as the dramatic setting for his activities.

Many consider Ryan the top wiretapping technician in the country. But even though he developed the dial-pulse recorder and several other wiretapping refinements, he has never made much money. For some twenty-one years, until 1947 in fact, he was satisfied to work for a police salary—"with no extras"—and to turn his inventions over to friends without charge.

La Borde deserted the police force for more lucrative fields far earlier, and has lived well ever since. His only contribution to the science of wiretapping is a machine that he claims will register taps, but that unfortunately will also register any other trouble on a line. La Borde's shrewd promotion of the machine, however, has paid off handsomely.

"La Borde is a real publicity hound," a rival wiretapper has said. "Once he

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even asked the newspapers to come take pictures of him tapping wires. I called him up and said, 'For crissake, Bob, cut it out. You're putting everybody on guard against tapping.' "

Trysts and Telephones

Like other professional wiretappers, Ryan and La Borde have employed their talents in a wide variety of investigations. But usually divorce cases seem to lead the list. This is especially true in New York, where adultery is the sole ground for divorce and where secret trysts can often be discovered through wiretapping, but it also applies wherever a wealthy man wishes to shed an unfaithful mate without paying alimony.

Generally such divorce actions are settled privately, without embarrassing public disclosures of wiretapping records. But occasionally a case does come to light.

The most notable recent divorce case involved a socially prominent Washingtonian and his attractive wife. The husband, suspecting his wife of a romance with a Latin-American ambassador, hired Lieutenant Joseph Shimon of the Washington police department to tap his home telephone. Shimon set up his plant in a house near the couple's estate in Virginia, and soon he had the date of a rendezvous between the wife and the ambassador at the apartment of a friend in Georgetown. Shimon arrived appropriately late, entered through a window, and flash bulbs exploded in the faces of the couple. The husband got his divorce and Shimon reportedly got five thousand dollars.

Harry V. Dougherty, dean of New York private detectives and a man who has used the services of wiretappers since 1915, says he now handles about six wirework jobs yearly, mostly in divorce cases. Dougherty points out that wiretapping has never been held illegal in New York if authorized by a client on his own line, but adds that the job can still be difficult. Once, he recalls, his tapper, a former FBI agent, set up the plant in a basement toilet where an unsuspecting and flustered maid soon caused mutual discomfort. Just last winter, Dougherty's man rigged a tap into an old unheated barn on a country estate. "Almost froze to death during the night," Dougherty says, "only to have the woman's son walk in on the thing the next morning, looking for a bicycle."

Some time ago, Dougherty installed a tap for a Dutch importer who lived in a Manhattan apartment and who suspected his wife of infidelity. Unfortunately, his client had not explained that the wife carried on all conversations in Dutch, and Dougherty was suddenly confronted with the task of finding a Dutch monitor. Finally such a specialist was obtained, and a few days later the tap paid off. "We nailed her with the boy friend," says Dougherty. "And you know, she begged me to put a tap on her husband, but I said nothing doing. Say," he added, "I've got something a lot of people in this business haven't—a conscience."

Ears on Business

Wiretapping is also quite common in the world of business, as Gentleman Pete's work for various oil interests indicates. Like divorce tapping, business tapping is sometimes lent an aura of legality by a company's giving authorization to tap its own lines.

Exactly this sort of legality was claimed by Steve Broady in 1949, when he, Kenneth Ryan, and two others were indicted in New York for tapping the wires of Kings County Buick, Inc., a large Brooklyn automobile agency. The charge against Ryan was eventually dropped, but Broady's case went to trial. Before a blue-ribbon jury, the suave investigator insisted he had tapped only at the request of fifty per cent of the company's stockholders, who had hired him in 1947 to investigate charges that mobsters were controlling the agency and were getting an abnormal share of the new cars then so difficult to obtain. After a seventeen-hour session, the jury acquitted Broady.

ROBERT LA BORDE has reported working on several similar cases. During the war, he was hired by E. R. Squibb & Sons to investigate missing consignments of drug concentrates. With the authorization of company executives, La Borde tapped various office telephones, and soon he had recorded proof of the guilt of a handful of underlings, who had simply driven the drugs off in trucks and had then sold the loot to cut-rate druggists. When the guilty employees promised to repay the loss, Squibb executives, wishing to avoid bad publicity, dropped prosecution.

"Most corporations I've worked for would rather settle things quietly," La Borde says. "A little later, I tapped the office phone of the treasurer of a large corporation and got a straight confession that he'd embezzled $185,000. When he promised restitution, the corporation decided not to prosecute, but he's never repaid a cent, to my knowledge."

MUCH business tapping, of course, is directed at discovering the plans of competitors—in cases such as those Gentleman Pete has handled in the oil business, where authorization of the telephone subscriber is certainly not obtained and where the illegality is obvious. The utilities magnate Samuel Insull and David Lamar, the "Wolf of Wall Street," both are said to have

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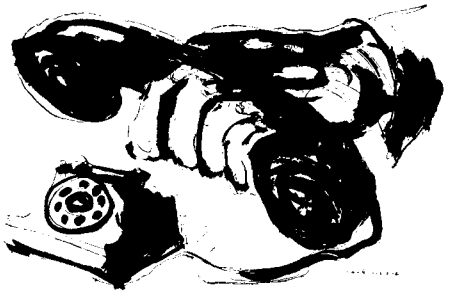
employed wiretapping regularly to keep tabs on business rivals, and with very profitable results.

Over the years, labor unions have also been a major target of business wiretapping. Fifteen years ago, many union telephone lines were regularly tapped for leads on possible strike actions. And although the tapping diminished as unions grew strong and were able to fight back, the National Labor Relations Board is still presented with occasional cases of wiretapping in labor espionage. In 1950, the Seafarers International Union charged the Cities Service Oil Company with using wiretapping to prevent labor organization, and detectives later admitted they had been hired by Cities Service to spy on its employees.

THE same year, it was later brought out at a hearing of the National Labor Relations Board, the telephone company itself was found to be tapping the home telephone of one of its switchboard operators at Weirton, West Virginia. The tap was on for eleven hours, and the girl, who was a member of the Communications Workers of America (CIO) and who at the time was trying to organize the Weirton exchange, was fired four days later. The company admitted the tap but contended that it was used to determine whether the employee, in violation of a company-union agreement, was using her telephone to solicit union memberships from other operators on duty at the switchboard. The NLRB, while observing that "certain circumstances disclosed by the record cast serious doubt" on the good faith of the company's contention, nevertheless concluded that there was not sufficient evidence to refute it and upheld the girl's dismissal.

In 1951 the telephone company was charged with tapping in Michigan during a nation-wide CWA strike. The strike was of the hit-and-run variety; each day the workers at a different exchange would walk out. The company could mobilize its supervisory employees to fill the gap, but first it had to know where the gap would be each day. CWA officials, using telephones they suspected were tapped, planted information that a certain exchange would be out the following day. Then, by word of mouth, they ordered a second exchange many miles away to go out instead. When the company's supervisory staff showed up at the first exchange, with nothing to do, union officials seemed well justified in claiming that their wires were tapped.



BECAUSE of its habit of using taps to check the efficiency of its own employees at work, the telephone company has been called "the biggest tapper in the business." Actually, within an exchange the work of each operator is regularly checked by a supervisor who taps in through a special switchboard. On a higher level within the company, some officials' telephones are fitted with special test distributor circuits so that they can dial any private number and be automatically tapped in. The result may be efficiency, but it can also be suspicion and uneasiness.

Blackmail

Private wiretapping also produces a vast potential for blackmail. But although many professionals will check the lines of men of notoriety for taps, few will tap for criminal purposes.

"I've recorded dirt on all sorts of important people," says Robert La Borde. "I've thrown away millions in blackmail by turning completed tapes over to my clients." Others might not be so scrupulous.

One man reportedly did make a fortune in blackmail by tapping at various expensive resort hotels, discovering who were paying the bills for attractive female guests.

"I used to know this cop on the force who later retired, bought a string of hotels, and moved into a big estate out on Long Island," La Borde says. "One day he came into my office flashing a big roll of bills, and I asked him how come he was doing so well.

"He just smiled and said, 'Recording. How else?' "

SO ON AND ON . . .

DAILY, *the newspapers bring more evidence of wiretapping. In New York, at the trial of the wealthy garment manufacturer Sam Chapman for procuring, Raymond Adams, a police wiretap technician, is producing recordings of conversations between the manufacturer and one of his alleged female accomplices, Nancy Hawkins. The recordings, from a round-the-clock tap on the young lady's line last June, are being discreetly played in the judge's private chambers. The gentlemen with whom Miss Hawkins conducted business calls may thus rest secure in the knowledge that their names will be known only to the court stenographers, the police tappers, the police monitors, and the staff of the District Attorney's office prosecuting the case.*

Also in New York, a State Crime Commission has recently been harassing Thomas Luchese, alias Three-Finger Brown, the underworld confidant of numerous public officials, with transcripts of some of his less-guarded telephone conversations of six years ago, including some which, the Commission charged, showed that Luchese was part owner of the fighter Rocky Graziano.

Captain James W. Flynn of the New York Police Department has just publicly confirmed a statement made earlier in this article. At the police trial of thirty officers charged with protecting the bookie Harry Gross, Flynn brought out that public telephones at Pennsylvania Station and Madison Square Garden had been tapped at various times between 1948 and 1950 to get evidence of bookmaking. People were picked up, Flynn said, because they acted "suspiciously." "If a policeman stuck to what the law prescribes," he added, "we could never do our job."

IN *New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other large cities, the tapping—official and private—goes merrily on. The conversations of the guilty and the innocent alike are saved for posterity on endless miles of recording tape. Most citizens believe that wiretapping is something that happens to others. But who, picking up a phone, can consider himself safe?*

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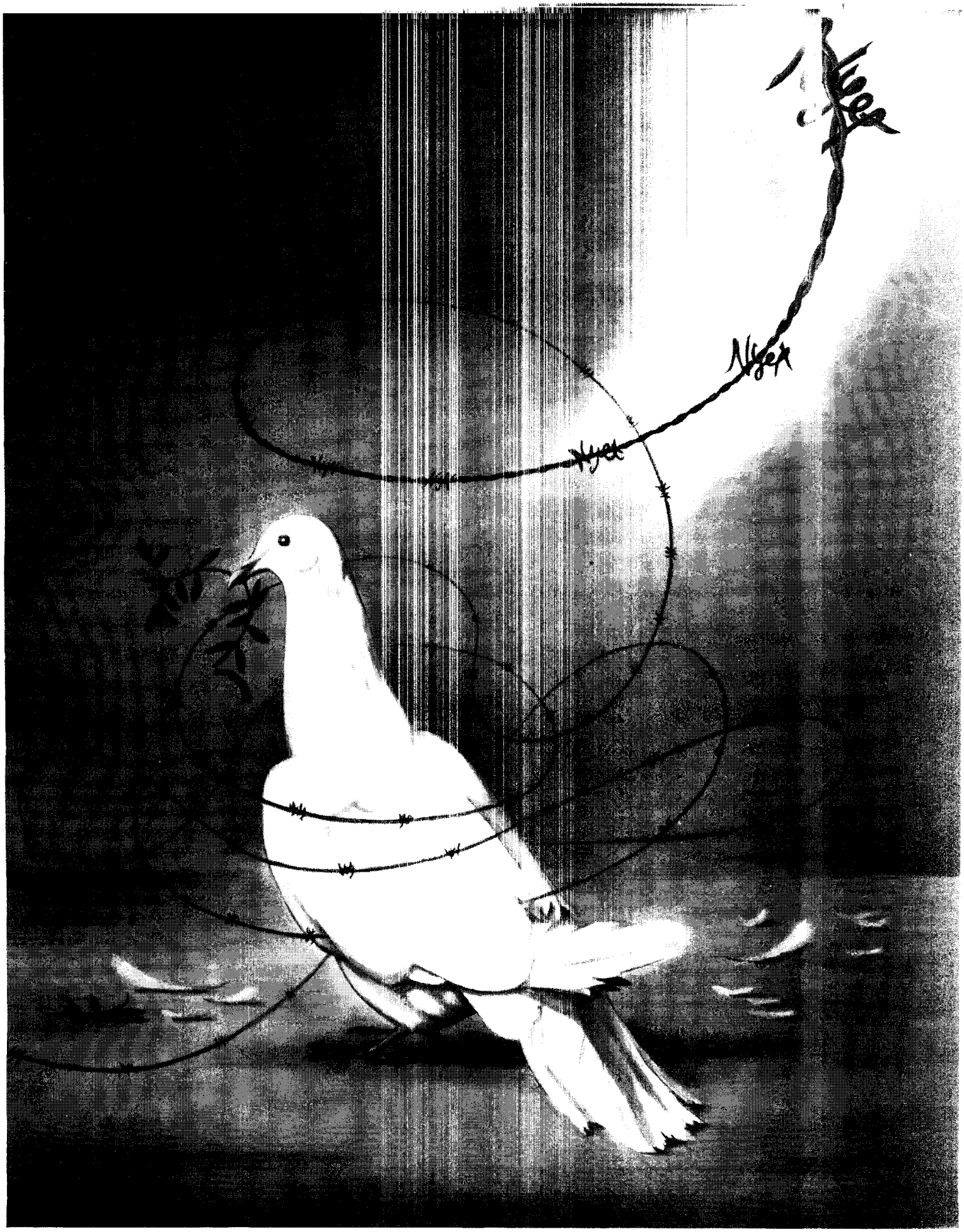

'Nyet . . . Nyet . . . Nyet . . . I'll never get off the ground this way!'

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Bolivia: Nationalization And National Disaster

PETER SCHMID

LA PAZ is a most uncomfortable city. Though it is modern and has magnificent boulevards, its skyscrapers make life difficult. One gasps out one's lungs climbing their stairs, since the elevators are usually out of order. At an altitude of more than twelve thousand feet that is torture indeed.

Many other things are out of order, too—the water supply, for example. One of the water mains, gone to rust over the years, at last got back at the negligent authorities by bursting—and La Paz, which suffers from chronic drought, went completely dry for a week.

No other country on the South American continent has assimilated civilization so reluctantly as Bolivia; nowhere else has every aspect of government service remained so hopelessly inefficient. The Canadian-owned company that supplies the capital with electricity has tried for years to get its contract renewed. But negotiations have dragged on, presumably to compel the gringos to pay graft. During all this time no new power dams and aqueducts have been constructed—hence the balky elevators. Not even the doorbells can be made to ring. Instead of searching its own soul, the municipality rages and peppers the gringos with stiff fines.

'They'

This quest for a scapegoat from abroad is typical of the atmosphere in present-day Bolivia. It is always "they" who are responsible for all the trouble. "They" are primarily the foreigners and secondarily those citizens who "have ceased to be Bolivians" because their souls have been corrupted by international capitalism—the mine-owners such as the late Simón Patiño, the onetime mule skinner whose son married a Bourbon princess; or the late Félix Aramayo, who, together with Patiño and the German Jew Maurice Hochschild, formed the triumvirate of tin barons. Add to such men a small group of big landowners, generals, and church dignitaries, and you have the closed circle known in Bolivia as the *rosca*.

President Paz Estenssoro

According to the demagogues, it is because of the *rosca* that potentially rich Bolivia has remained virtually undeveloped, that despite vast agricultural possibilities eighty per cent of its foodstuffs have to be imported, that even if there were adequate production at home, roads and transport to carry it to market would be lacking. It is the fault of the *rosca* that the Indian natives are undernourished and live in serflike dependence. Nowhere else in Latin America does one hear such savage accusations, or sense so much hatred and distrust.

Unhappily, this state of class struggle and decay is not without causes. Bolivia's independence has been dogged by almost unparalleled ill luck—misfortune so profound that even the bounty of heaven seems to have been transformed into a curse. It was Bolivia's fate to have strong neighbors that wrested the coastal areas from it and pushed it back into the highlands; and when in the 1930's it became embroiled in the adventure of the Chaco War against weaker Paraguay, the terrors of tropical warfare mowed down the highlanders. Defeat was accompanied by bankruptcy, from which the country has still not recovered.

The Tin God

And then there is the accursed blessing of the mines. The great seal of Bolivia shows the symmetrical pyramid of a mountain—the Cerro Rico of Potosí, to the south. Red as blood, its torn rocks loom into the crystal-clear mountain air. Countless cable cars carry the ore from its bowels. Limitless wealth has flowed out to the world from this mountain and many others. The Spaniards retrieved silver from hundreds of shafts. When these lodes were exhaust-

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ed, Bolivia's new silver—tin—was discovered. Its early exploiters found it in such fabulous quantities and rich concentration that they became multimillionaires as swiftly as their predecessors the conquistadores.

When the wealth could not be gathered effortlessly at the surface, Indians descended into the shafts, slaved away for thirty-six hours on end at absurdly low wages, dulled their hunger with coca leaves, and died of silicosis within a few years. That was the other side of the story of wealth and splendor. There were no philanthropists among the mineowners. They belonged to a class of greedy exploiters now happily extinct. They were the uncrowned kings and tyrants of the land. Governments were bought or toppled at will.

The country was content to become a quiescent parasite on its wealth of tin. Why trouble to develop the land, when the shiny metal paid a safe and steady revenue in dollars and pounds? As Panama forgot everything but its canal and Venezuela wallowed in its oil, so Bolivia was content to drowse along on its one-product economy. During the past decade ninety-five per cent of all its exports were ore, of which tin, the alpha and omega of Bolivian economic life, accounted for three-quarters.

This placed Bolivia in a perilous and humiliating state of dependence on the whims of the world market. When tin prices rose, life was fine; when they fell, crisis was the order of the day. Hand in hand there arose a childish defiance of Bolivia's chief customer, the United States. Time and again efforts were made to extort prices far out of line with the world market, and when they were refused, there was impotent rage, protestations that ungrateful North America would not get an ounce in the event of another war.

EVEN at the lowest levels of government, the mines were habitually looked upon as an inexhaustible cornucopia. "We're considered the hired hands," the manager of one large company told me. "When the city runs out of cash, it comes to us. When the post office needs another mortgage, we must supply the money. We even have to furnish charwomen for the courthouse, because there is no space for them in the budget. We are pelted with requests. If we dare refuse a single one, the fines come raining down. Legislation has become such an impenetrable tangle that it is impossible to abide by every regulation. Penalties can be dreamed up for the most absurd infractions. It's cheaper to dig into one's pocket."

But even though the mines have been made to pay tribute to the community, there has been no end to ingrained hatred. There lives on in the minds of the people a deathless legend, the memory of those early decades—those years when the Patiños raked in the money while their workers died like vermin. The *rosca* has long since become respectable, has built homes and hospitals and playgrounds for the workers. But the name clings to it like the mark of Cain.

Peronitis and Poverty

Last Easter, bloody revolution resounded in the streets of La Paz, as the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario (M.N.R.) swept away General Hugo Ballivián's military junta, by means of which the traditional order kept itself in power. Víctor Paz Estenssoro, a professor of economics who had spent years in exile in Argentina, took over the Presidency. Note well that it was Argentina to which he had retired. No one emerging from that country today escapes the suspicion of suffering from a form of insanity—Peronitis. It is a disorder which takes the form of chronic attacks of nationalism, during which the patient, in an effort to rise above all others, only hangs himself.

This delusion has now crept into Bolivian government offices as well. On October 30 the Chief of State put his signature to Bolivia's "Declaration of Economic Independence," the decree nationalizing the big mines. The youthful idealists who today haunt the government bureaus are giving in to the dream that henceforth wealth will flow into the hands of the people, with whose help they will carry out agrarian reforms and build schools and roads.

But the tin mines of Bolivia have long since ceased to be a bonanza. The first step toward exhaustion has already been taken. No rich ore deposit has been discovered in the past twenty years. There is still a plentiful reserve of low-grade ore, assaying 1.25 to 2.25 per cent tin, but its exploitation can no longer be regarded as lucrative, especially since the workers have meanwhile been able to enforce shorter work hours and higher wages. Production costs have doubled in the past five years.

Taking into account all investments made in Bolivian mining in the past twenty years and allowing for failures as well as successes, the return on invested capital is estimated by leading experts to be no more than 2.5 per cent. The only hope would be to improve mechanization to the point where low-grade ores could be profitably exploited—as Patiño did successfully—and to tackle the almost untapped resources

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of lead ore. Only a large volume of foreign capital would make such developments possible, and it is not likely to be forthcoming since the nationalization of the mines.

The first step on the road to nationalization was taken on April 29, 1952, when all ore exports were placed under the control of the semi-official Banco Minero. All foreign-exchange remittances had to be surrendered at the rate of sixty bolivianos to the dollar. But wages and prices were closer to an actual rate of 260 bolivianos to the dollar. The official rate became a noose around the neck of enterprises operating on a low profit margin, and in itself would have forced a good many Bolivian mines to shut down eventually.

Another consequence was that the procurement of machinery—and even of food for the workers' co-operatives—became the plaything of a chaotic paper war and hence practically impossible. The mines' reserves have been used up; sooner or later the government, after nationalization, will face empty warehouses. What will happen when the machinery breaks down, when the miners have no more food? The foreign engineers who up to now have run the mines foresee not only a steep decline in production but serious unrest among the workers. "There will be a search for scapegoats and talk of sabotage," they declare. "Better get out as soon as possible." This reporter found not a single engineer who was prepared to sign a new contract with the government mine agency.

Fruits of Revolution

And what will the workers do? That is the great question. During the months preceding nationalization the unions exercised almost unlimited power in the mines. The miners won pay increases as high as forty to fifty per cent. They could filch as much ore and dynamite as they pleased with complete impunity. The mines of the Unificando Company in Potosí estimated a current loss by pilferage of one-third of production. Let an engineer so much as raise his voice to a worker, and the union would instantly demand his dismissal.

In brief, even before nationalization the workers had become lords and masters of the mines, while the government pocketed virtually all the profits. In this context the companies scarcely fought nationalization, but waited for it philosophically. Transforming *de facto* socialization into *de jure* nationalization was a blunder on the part of the government that may well cost it its life.

The San José workings may serve as an illustration of what nationalization means. In 1948 Hochschild shut down this mine because it had become unprofitable. But disaster threatened the town of Oruro, and the Banco Minero took over. Subsequently Hochschild's pessimism was found to be unwarranted, and with the help of a few capable engineers production was maintained at a substantial level. Yet the mine has operated at a loss. The number of workers is about twice that of a comparable private enterprise, and the workers are worse off than any "slaves of the *rosca*" ever were. When they demanded pay increases they had to cope with the very union officials who elsewhere incited the workers. Whatever their claims and grievances, they were referred to the government agency, which invariably turned them down. Workers caught stealing were instantly discharged.

In short, "discipline" prevails—the same harsh discipline doubtless in store for other nationalized pits if government idealists have their way. "The workers will work like the very devil," they say, "now that they will be working for themselves and the people." It sounds well enough in theory; but what will happen without engineers, and with an Administration that allows profits to vanish forever down the sluiceways of corruption?

There are indications that Dr. Paz the economist was well aware of the folly that Víctor Paz the President was about to commit when he signed the decree of nationalization. But he could no longer turn back. He had entered La Paz in April with the slogan "Nationalization of the Mines and Agrarian Reform!" Thereafter, countless demagogues carried the message of the revolution into every corner of the land. Unrest spread from the mines to the haciendas. The Indians regarded the landowners as no better than bothersome squatters on soil that belonged to them, and in their more agitated moments they were not above cutting a few throats.

THE revolution fed on its own flames, and it soon became apparent that no firebreak could halt its progress. Resistlessly and inexorably it drifted toward extremism. Dr. Paz, whose original support came from the lower middle class and the intellectuals, suddenly found himself swept along by the organized power of the trade unions. Until August, frantic efforts were made to retain a semblance of unity within the government coalition and the un-

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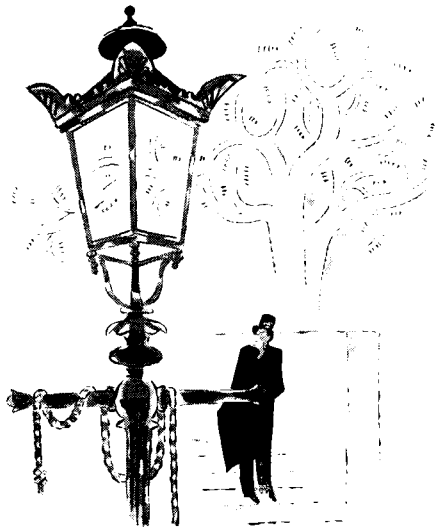
ions, to keep revolution within the boundaries of evolution. But the fires had been stoked too high.

In August a newly created kind of Gestapo began to arrest anti-revolutionaries, especially among the Falangists, who adhere to a socialism of Catholic and authoritarian complexion. The wave of arrests soon began to engulf moderate members of the M.N.R., particularly followers of Vice-President Hernán Siles, who was shipped off as head of the Bolivan delegation to the United Nations. Early in October some fifty officers of the rump army that had survived the revolution were picked up at night and sent to the Chilean border without the knowledge of the Chief of Staff. More and more the moderate revolutionaries were intimidated.

A Chinese proverb says that "He who rides a tiger cannot dismount." President Paz and his friends are confirming its truth. The moderates had envisioned nationalization quite differently—they wanted the government to acquire a fifty-one per cent stock control, while retaining traditional work relationships. But the labor-union point of view, demanding expropriation without compensation, won out. When the $500 million in "concealed foreign exchange, back taxes, and unpaid social services" which the government has managed to add up is deducted, the proposed indemnities to mineowners amount to outright expropriation.

Dr. Paz sits all the more helpless astride his tiger because after the revolution he dissolved the army—all but a remnant of three thousand men. The devil himself must have inspired this notion. The wicked *rosca*, always hand in glove with the army, was to be deprived of any possibility of a comeback. The soldiers were sent home, and in their place an armed militia of ten thousand men was set up, clearly aimed at the *rosca* and every rival authority. This armed power has now become autonomous. To take a walk in La Paz is to court danger. Even in broad daylight there is likely to be shooting in the streets, sometimes for sheer mischief, sometimes for other reasons. The government would dearly love to relieve its minions of their dangerous toys, but the boys cherish them. An average of three men are shot each week.

South American republics usually witness a game of seesaw between progress and reaction. Régimes of demagogic corruption sweep military dictatorships into power, and these in turn give way to popular rebellion. In Bolivia the seesaw has lost its balance because the traditionalist forces have been hopelessly smashed, and counter-revolution is virtually out of the question. The steamroller crunches on and



on, propelled by illusions. But some day—perhaps quite soon—the brakes of realism will function. We return to the old question: What will the workers do when the paradise of nationalization stands revealed as a hell, when hunger instead of the good life knocks on the door?

The Empty Lamppost

One of the tourist attractions of La Paz is a lamppost—a fine, solid lamppost that stands on the Plaza Murillo outside the Government Palace. It is the most renowned lamppost in South America. Here President Villaroel was strung up by a mob in 1946. On occasions today this lamppost is garlanded with flowers, for Villaroel, like Dr. Paz, was professedly a friend of the people, who sought, by countless laws, to lighten the feudal oppression of the Indians on the haciendas. Today his murder is, of course, branded a vicious machination on the part of the *rosca*. In truth it was not the *rosca* that strung up the people's choice—it was the people themselves, the fickle Bolivian masses. Today they cry *"Viva!,"* tomorrow *"Muera!,"* as the whim moves them. Dr. Paz passes this lamppost every day. "Just wait," an Indian of the *altiplano* remarked to me, "some day he too will hang."

That would be a pity. Dr. Paz is a man of great charm. Yet his idealistic professorial unworldliness marks him as a likely victim. A French engineer with whom I talked, an eyewitness of the Russian Revolution, compared the present Bolivian phase with the Kerensky régime, when Russia too saw a general dissolution of existing moral and social forms.

The great shaper to come, however, was Lenin. Bolivia has its own aspirant to this role. His name is Juan Lechin, secretary of the mine unions and at the same time Minister for Mines and Oil. He is a millionaire, by the way, though he began life as a simple puncher in the pits. He is the great foil to Paz, and much the President's superior in political instinct. The world press calls him a Communist. This is untrue. He was never associated with the P.I.R., the Popular Front Party of the Revolutionary Left that was mostly responsible for the murder of Villaroel. Nor was he a member of the small group of true-blue Muscovites who a few months ago, when the P.I.R. dissolved voluntarily, reconstituted themselves as a Communist Party. Nor does Lechin owe allegiance to the Trotskyites, who have considerable influence in the labor movement. He is first of all a Lechinist, a matchless opportunist who can ride two horses at once—labor and the government.

It is not at all difficult to call on Lechin. Anyone can enter his office unhindered and unannounced. I was there twice, and on neither occasion could I make myself heard. Every chair and even the window sills were filled with people putting forward grievances, petitions, reports about the movement. Two exceptionally pretty young ladies were parked on the desk. Unscrupulous and unfettered by ideological prejudice, this "people's tribune" holds the gentle Dr. Paz in the hollow of his hand. A wave of his hand sends the miners marching, stolen dynamite in their bags. Such is the atmosphere in which the bourgeois world of La Paz, the gringos, and many other decent people live and tremble. The members of the *rosca* have long since retired abroad with their millions.

La Paz is a most uncomfortable city.

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The Man Who Wanted to Hang

THEODORE DRAPER

ANDRÉ SIMONE, whose real name was Otto Katz and who had been editor of the official Czech Communist newspaper *Rude Pravo,* was one of the fourteen defendants in the recent Prague trial. He "confessed" that he had been recruited into the British Intelligence Service in 1939 by the British actor and playwright Noel Coward. As if that were not enough to hang him, he added that he had been a "triple agent," working simultaneously for Britain, France, and the United States. The United States had employed him, he explained, through the Overseas News Agency to work in the Zionist movement in Mexico. Begging the court to sentence him to the gallows, he cried: "I can be happy with no other penalty!" He got his wish.

What kind of man is capable of such behavior? What kind of movement is capable of producing him? After fifteen years of confession-trials, the world still wonders. One reason for the bafflement is the fact that even the most famous of the Old Bolsheviks who "confessed" in the 1930's were never more than political symbols. We never learned enough about their intimate lives to know them as human beings. In this latest trial, however, there happened to be one notable exception—Otto Katz, which was what anyone who knew him personally called him. Dozens of people, including myself, had made his acquaintance in Europe, the United States, or Mexico. I could not bring myself to write about him if he had not sunk so low at his trial. His story can do him no more harm than he has done to himself, and it may possibly do others some good. For Otto Katz was not merely a Communist type; he was an archetype.

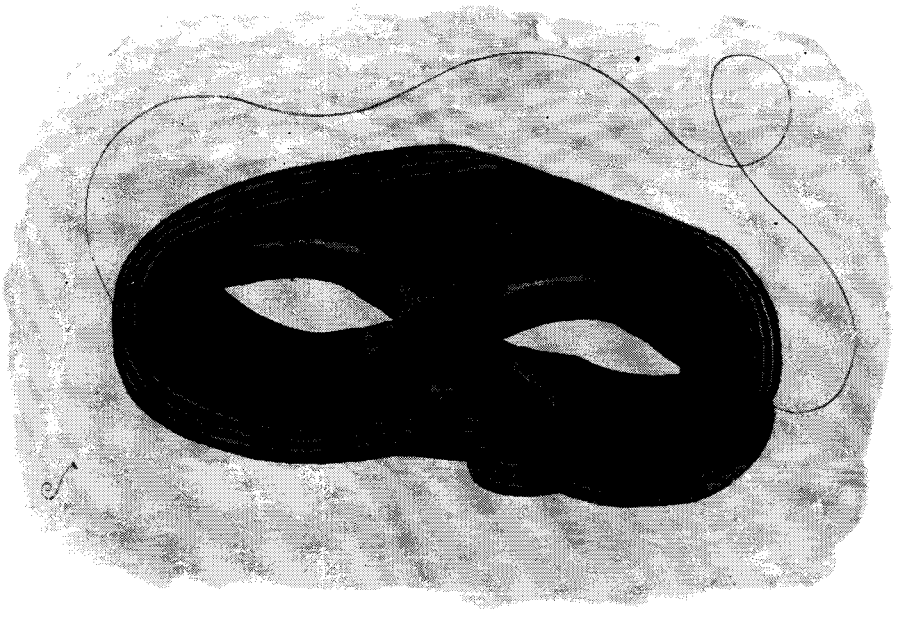
He came to New York for the first time, I believe, in 1935 to raise money for the "German underground." He was supposed to be a heroic German underground fighter who had stolen across the Nazi border and was going right back as soon as he had completed his mission here. The whole story was a work of fiction. Otto's headquarters was Paris, and it was to Paris that he was going right back.

PHYSICALLY, there was nothing heroic about him. He was a cut below average height, a trifle on the heavy side, with a walk that was a little too much like a shuffle to be graceful. If he had sat quietly with his mouth shut in a roomful of people, nobody would have taken any notice of him. But physical features were the least important part of Otto's equipment. He was a character actor.

He had a trick of establishing immediate intimacy. He liked to talk in a low voice filled with high tension. Always there was a hushed, charged air of mystery and danger about everything he did and said. He hustled into a room as if he were loaded down with state secrets and had to fight with himself to keep them from bursting out. His eyes had developed a kind of enigmatic furtiveness that was tantalizing. He was an unconscionable flatterer if he had some reason to make you like him. Then he would put his arm around your shoulder, lead you into a corner, move his head so close that it was almost touching yours, and whisper. To everyone else in the room, Otto was hatching a conspiracy, even if he were merely asking about your health. Above all, he could not be accused of dullness. People forgave him many other vices because he lacked that one.

Discovering Gold

With this gift for transforming himself from an otherwise ordinary Central European into a man of mystery, Otto was a sure-fire hit in Hollywood on his



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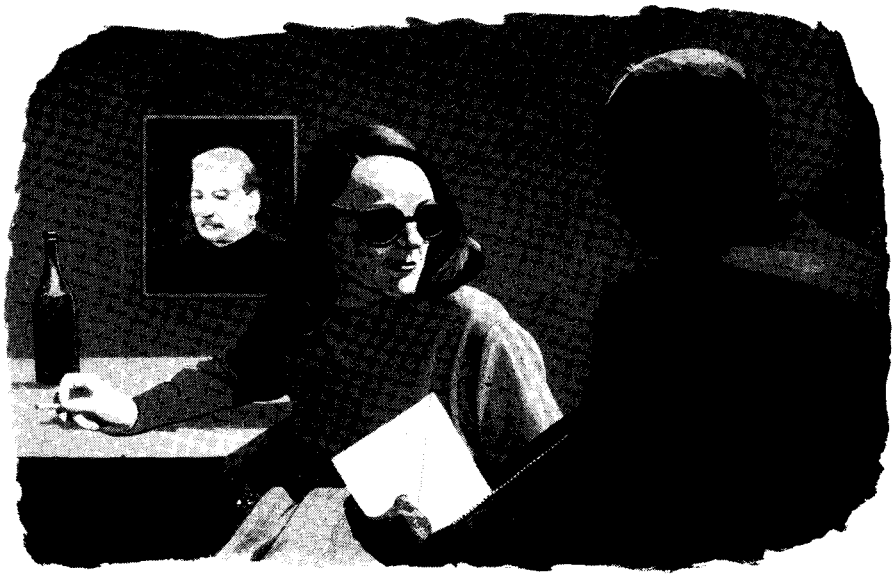
money-raising mission. Before that, the American Communists had never thought of the movie capital as a party mint. Otto, the heroic German "underground fighter," was the pioneer. He was a great success at private parties and collected more money than anyone had imagined possible for a political cause. "Columbus discovered America," he liked to say, "and I discovered Hollywood."

When the subject of the Hollywood exploit came up in a conversation with someone else who had known Otto, I heard a slightly improved version: "And, do you know, he pretended to be a priest!" I did not know it and I am quite sure that it is only a legend. But I am equally sure that if someone had asked Otto if it were true he would not have denied it. He would have smiled mysteriously.

When I read Otto's "confession" at the Prague trial, it occurred to me that there was just as much truth in it as in his other autobiographical fantasies.



OTTO came to New York for the second time early in 1940, this time as a refugee from the war in Europe. A few months later, in June, Paris fell, and the French catastrophe set him in motion. Everyone was asking Why? How? Who were the guilty ones? To Otto, it was clear that he was the man to tell the inside story. He sold the idea to a literary agent who sold it to the Dial Press. The publishers never met Otto in person, and were told only that their new author was a famous French journalist who had to use the pseudonym "André Simone" to protect his family still in France. There was only one hitch: The book had to be written. Since Otto was essentially an "idea man," not a writer, this was an awkward problem. It was made all the worse by the publishers, who insisted on getting the finished manuscript in exactly six weeks in order to beat the expected flood of inside stories on the French defeat. Fortunately, Otto found a collaborator who had been working independently on a book dealing with French politics. The two joined forces to beat the deadline. *J'Accuse* sold about fifteen thousand copies and even hit the best-seller lists. The expected flood of books on the French defeat came, but Otto had cornered the market. The books of world-famous writers like André Maurois and Jules Romains sold barely a fifth as many copies.

J'Accuse fooled practically everyone —that much must be said for it. It fooled Carleton Beals, who contributed an introduction. "This is a book that only a Frenchman could have written," Beals insisted. He compared *J'Accuse* favorably with Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," de Maupassant's best short stories, and John Gunther's *Inside Europe*. The cream of the jest came when a French edition of *J'Accuse* was sponsored after the war by the French Communist Party to prove that everyone but the Communists had betrayed France—as certified by the author of an *American* book.

The opening lines of the book are: "It was June 16, 1940. I did not know until late in the afternoon that it would be my last Sunday in France." The first chapter goes on to tell how the author escaped from Paris in "a battered old Citroën"; arrived sixteen hours later in Tours, where cabinet ministers brought him up to date on the latest developments; drove on to Bordeaux in the same old Citroën; witnessed the surrender of Marshal Pétain to the Germans; and finally boarded a ship to safety just in the nick of time. As I reread it, it seemed as if Otto had been practicing for his Prague confessional twelve years later.

Now, if Otto *had been* in Paris in June, 1940, it is not inconceivable that he might have made such a journey to Tours and Bordeaux in a battered old Citroën. The fact that he had to imagine it while pacing up and down a comfortably motionless room in New York was a mere bagatelle. For Otto belonged to the "it-might-have-happened" school of journalism. It did not matter whether anything was true; it was enough that it could or should have been true; this made it "politically true" even if it had the misfortune of never having happened.

This was his technique in *J'Accuse*. It may shed a good deal of light on his technique at the trial. "It-might-have-happened" journalism gave birth to an "it-might-have-happened" confession.

'No One Took Otto Seriously'

It is a pity that Otto could never tell the truth about himself, because his real life was just as amazing as any imaginary one.

Otto Katz was born fifty-seven years ago into a middle-class Jewish family in Prague. His father owned a factory. The boy was clever, spoiled, and rebellious. The First World War took him off in his late teens for a stretch in the Austrian Army. Otto survived—a technique that was to become a habit. Back home, as far as anyone now remembers, the only technique he cared about was concerned with girls. One of his affairs made Prague too small for both him and the fiancé of a pretty young actress named Sonya Bogs. When Otto won her away, the two of them decided to run off to Berlin. Sonya became his first wife and the mother of his only child, a daughter.

Life in Berlin was either viciously or delightfully chaotic, depending on what one got out of it, during the ruinous

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inflation of the early 1920's. Otto had no particular profession. His stock in trade was his indefatigable tongue, his willingness to try anything once, and his vast supply of continental charm. These were enough to make him a worldly success before he was thirty years old. His first real job, as far as I have been able to make out, was as business or advertising manager of an influential intellectual magazine, *Das Tagebuch*. Later the backers of the magazine started a Monday newspaper, *Montag Morgen* (the regular newspapers did not have Monday editions), and Otto broadened out to serve it in the same capacity. Next he switched over to the stage and became the producer of the famous experimental theater directed by Erwin Piscator, which was a great artistic success until it ran out of money in 1928.

A crony of those days has recalled: "Otto always had lots of money. To do him justice, I think that he liked money not to keep it but to spend it. The more money he had, the more women he had and the more notorious or famous they were. Otto was a playboy, not a politician. He scoffed at politics, Communist or any other kind, as a ridiculous waste of time. Parties and cafés suited him better. He was no intellectual himself, but liked to hang around intellectuals. No one took Otto seriously. He was too busy enjoying himself."

Party Boy

But in 1928 the German Communist Party had 125,000 members and got 3,500,000 votes. Even a playboy could be drawn into its sphere of influence. The movement was organized into a series of concentric circles. In the center was the party, and all around it at various distances were a variety of "front" organizations. The inventor and guiding genius of these outer rings was Willi Münzenberg, who controlled a maze of enterprises, including many newspapers and publishing houses. To staff them all, he built up a private corps of protégés. "Münzenberg's boys" could not be ordinary party hacks because they had to get along with non-Communists in frequently worthy causes or intellectual undertakings that had wide appeal.

Some time during or immediately after his work with Piscator, Otto joined Münzenberg's team. It was a painless political conversion because Otto did not have to give up either his profits or his pleasures for politics. Münzenberg was a Red Maecenas who rewarded his followers liberally.

Otto's first book, *Nine Men on Ice,* in German, about the Red icebreaker *Krassin's* rescue of survivors of Nobile's polar airship *Italia,* was published by a Münzenberg-controlled firm in 1929. Otto concocted it out of Russian documents from Münzenberg.

An even bigger plum was thrown Otto's way in 1931. One of the largest Russian motion-picture producers, Mezhrabpom-Film, was owned by the International Workers' Aid, of which the German branch was the largest outside Russia. When Münzenberg was asked to recommend someone to run it, he chose Otto on the strength of his experience with Piscator. For the next two years, Otto was one of the biggest wheels of the Soviet movie industry. But the job of bossing a large organization did not suit his individualistic talents, and he left, apparently to the relief of everyone. Meanwhile, his first wife had divorced him, and he subsequently married his German secretary at Mezhrabpom-Film—who was, surprisingly, not a glamor girl.

By the time Otto was through at Mezhrabpom-Film, Hitler had seized power in Germany. Otto and Münzenberg met again in Paris. It was a new phase for Otto. He already had a remarkable range of experience behind him in the pre-Hitler period. Until 1933, however, he had stayed on the fringe of politics. Now, under forty, a man in his prime, politics entered his blood. Much of his playboy and business experience still stood him in good stead. His talent for charming certain types of people, his genius for inducing them to part with money, and his gift for intrigue never left him. The post-Hitler Otto merely put them at the service of the Communist movement.

Münzenberg quickly assembled another team of protégés in Paris. Otto had become his favorite disciple. Münzenberg called the signals and Otto carried the ball. An anti-Hitler propaganda organization was soon set up. It turned out three valuable books in the first three years: *The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror,* on the Reichstag fire; a *White Book* on the Roehm purge; and *The Brown Network,* on Nazi fifth-column activities outside Germany. The first and most successful one was put out in twenty-two languages (Alfred A. Knopf published the American edition). Otto claimed that it was his idea and that he helped to edit it, but his real contribution was the introduction by Lord Marley, a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords. Lord Marley was a Labourite, and in 1933 Labourites were still being denounced by the Communists as "social fascists." But Otto induced Lord Marley to lend his name and prestige to this and other projects which the Communists did not wish to present to the world as their own.

It is amazing how much history was made in those years with Otto's participation in one form or another. A Legal Commission of Enquiry into the Burning of the Reichstag was set up in 1933 to combat the Reichstag fire trial. The Commission, with Arthur Garfield Hays as the American member, held a "counter-trial" in London. Behind the Commission was something called the International Relief Committee. The secretary of this Committee was Otto. A workers' revolt in the Asturias region of Spain was put down bloodily in 1934. An investigating committee, including Labour M.P. Ellen Wilkinson and the Earl of Listowel, was formed to go to Spain to help the victims. Otto acted as its guide. A committee was organized to campaign for the *status quo* in the Saar plebiscite of 1935. Its secretary was Otto. Civil war broke out in Spain in 1936, and Otto, on the spot again, took charge of Agencia España, the official Republican press agency outside Spain. When internal rivalries forced him out, he reappeared in Paris, this time as foreign editor of *L'Ordre,* a newspaper with a very small circulation but considerable

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influence because nine-tenths of its readers were politicians and other newspapermen. This was his first job as a working newspaperman and gave him the necessary background to pretend forever after that he had always been one. In Paris, in 1938, he put out his second book, in French, *Hitler en Espagne,* using the name of "O. K. Simon." The first two initials were an obvious concession to his real name, and he merely added another letter to Simon for his final pseudonym. When the Second World War broke out in September, 1939, German exiles in France were indiscriminately thrown into concentration camps—but not Otto. He managed to take a ship to New York.

After a year in New York, during which he wrote *J'Accuse,* Otto made one of his rare miscalculations. The German-Soviet pact had put all Communists on the defensive, and foreign Communists in the U.S. were particularly jittery. Otto was not immune to the panic, and as one after another of his friends packed up and moved on to Mexico, he decided to follow suit. Soon after, in the summer of 1941, Hitler decided to attack Russia. Otto had to miss the Soviet-American honeymoon of the war years, which was made to order for him.

Sitting out the war so close to the United States and yet being unable to return was agonizing. This period in Mexico was Otto's most trying one, but he did not waste his time. A Latin-American translation of *J'Accuse* had come out, and a huge electric sign atop the bookshop near the Bellas Artes museum in the heart of the Mexican capital soon glittered with the name of "André Simone," and he was a minor celebrity at once. He became the featured commentator on international politics for Lombardo Toledano's two left-wing publications, the newspaper *El Popular* and the magazine *Futuro.* He wrote another book, in English, *Men of Europe.* He even became for a time a news commentator on the Mexican radio.

Oh, What a Tangled Web . . .

There was a certain amount of "autobiography" in *Men of Europe.* It had the usual quota of imaginary encounters and conversations, but Otto was not always guilty of sheer invention. Sometimes he was the victim of his own disguises and could not afford to tell the truth even when he wanted to do so. Some of the stories in this book really happened, only not quite as he told them. He related how Dr. Josef Goebbels came to a Berlin theater in 1928 to see a dramatization of *The Adventures of the Good Soldier Schweik.* Newspapermen were tipped off, and one of them, Otto himself, decided to interview the Nazi leader in a theater box. When Otto asked him what he thought of the play, Goebbels answered curtly: "You will soon find out." Stink bombs broke up the next performance. The whole tale would have been more credible if Otto could have revealed in the book that the incident took place at the Piscator theater, which he was managing. But, having posed as a newspaperman even in the 1920's, he could not change his role. He also mentioned his job at the Mezhrabpom-Film in Moscow, but here again he was handicapped by his fictitious role as a correspondent in Russia. It would not have made sense for a foreign newspaperman to run a Russian film trust, and so he demoted himself from the director of the organization to a mere "adviser."

After the Second World War, in 1946, Otto went back to start all over again in Prague, the city from which he had fled after World War I.

A friend who spoke to him in New York on his stopover between Mexico and Prague said: "Otto had two things on his mind. First, he surprised me by telling me that he had done a good deal of welfare work for Jewish refugees in Mexico. Of course there was nothing strange about this during the war. Still, he talked about it with such unusual feeling that I got the impression that he was trying to take credit for a good deed done for its own sake.

"The second subject was why he had decided to go back to Czechoslovakia. He said that he was tired of leading a double life. The Communists were in the coalition Government and some day they would run the country. He wanted to work for the party openly and simplify his existence. He was going home, physically and politically."

In his confession at the trial, Otto had to spit on both his Jewishness and his Communism. In the first case, the combination of fact and fancy was characteristic. The late Jacob Landau, head of the Overseas News Agency of New York, did see Otto in Mexico during the war, according to Mrs. Landau. The Office of Strategic Services had asked Mr. Landau to look into Nazi activities in Mexico and had asked Otto—"who acted as if he knew everything and everybody"—to write some memoranda, at least one of which is remembered to have dealt with the German press in Mexico. On the basis of this, together with his Jewish welfare work, Otto confessed in Prague that he had been an American as well as a Zionist "secret agent."

The other important charge against Otto was also unintentionally revealing of the true nature of these confessions. Writing as André Simone, which had

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willy-nilly become his professional pseudonym, Otto had become the "diplomatic correspondent" of the central Czechoslovak Communist organ *Rude Pravo*. He did the leading article on international politics on the front page and personally covered the biggest conferences in Europe. He was riding high again. He spoke excellent German, French, English, and Spanish (though not so excellent Czech), his business had always been to know and influence people, and he was always a charmer. Foreign correspondents automatically sought him out. Cabinet ministers were glad to mingle with international celebrities at his table. He became the editor of *Rude Pravo*. In fact, he became important enough, in a struggle for power between rival cliques, to hang. An American correspondent who saw him in Prague remarked: "I never thought that he was as important as he pretended to be, but this was one time that he would have done better to use a little understatement for a change."

How did all this factual material appear in his "confession"? He declared that he had received instructions from his co-defendant, Rudolf Slansky, to maintain "unofficial contact" with foreign bourgeois journalists in Prague. In carrying out this assignment, he was told to emphasize at all times that "Czechoslovakia was heading for socialism in its own way." So he had maintained contact with such "espionage agents" as the correspondents Alexander Werth, Maurice Hindus, and David Schoenbrun.

Germs of Truth

The most ghastly thing about this "confession" is not that it is a tissue of lies but that it is a parody of the truth. Was it possible for a Communist to give information about Nazis in Mexico to the Americans in the middle of the war? Of course it was. At that time, no Communist would have thought twice about doing exactly the same thing, and some Communists did much more for the O.S.S. Was it possible for the best-known journalist in Czechoslovakia after the war to maintain contact with foreign journalists, and to tell them that "Czechoslovakia was heading for Socialism in its own way"? Of course it was. Otto's international contacts were once considered an important asset to the régime. And what he is

now charged with having told them is the best proof of his loyal service to the régime, because that is exactly what the party line used to be.

There is no need to solve the "mystery of the confession" because there is no mystery. Otto's "crimes" were those of yesterday's party line. Today, a pro-Arab orientation of Communist policy has made Zionism the enemy; all western journalists must be cut off completely as foreign spies; and all the satellites, including Czechoslovakia, must head for "socialism" in the Russian way. When the official organ of the Cominform (November 28, 1952) chooses to quote as the most horrible example of Otto's political depravity the phrase about a Czechoslovakian way to socialism, it is only a singularly gruesome notification to the faithful that the line has changed.

In fact, Otto must have known that he was finished when his closest friend, the writer Egon Erwin Kisch, was politically exhumed and, as it were, hanged in effigy. The two had been boyhood friends in Prague, went to Berlin to make their names and fortunes, spent their post-Hitler exile in Paris, New York, and Mexico City, and then returned to Prague. Kisch died in 1948 soon after the Communist seizure of power. The new régime decided to take advantage of Kisch's well-known Communist sympathies to gain some reflected glory for itself. A day of national mourning was declared and Premier Clement Gottwald himself led the procession to the grave.

But in the spring of 1952, almost four years later, Kisch was suddenly denounced as the instigator of a Trotskyite-Zionist plot in Mexico to organize the return of the exiles to Czechoslovakia in order to prepare a "counter-revolution." To anyone who knew Kisch, the idea is preposterous: He had been an able writer and amusing storyteller, but his political opinions were so naïve that his friends laughed at them. Kisch was lucky: He did not have to degrade and disgrace himself.

WHEN HE WAS HANGED in Pankrac Prison, Otto Katz had given more than twenty years of his life to the Communist movement. His peculiar talents were at a premium in the movement, and he had been given a succession of the most delicate and difficult assignments. When his friend and mentor Willi Münzenberg fell out with the Communist Party, Otto proved his party loyalty to the hilt by turning on him. Shady as his dealings were, it was the party which always benefited. Like all the others, Otto had an easy alibi: The cause was more important than his conscience. Many German exiles were sure that he was an agent of the GPU.

To the bitter end, Otto Katz was both a servant and a victim of the Communist movement, a movement which is sick with too much cynicism and too much fanaticism. Only a hardened cynic could have become the international Communist huckster par excellence. But mere cynicism cannot do justice to Katz's complexity.

Deep in his cynicism was a core of fanaticism, and it was the combination of both that made it possible for him to go through with a confession that was at once a shameless swindle and an apotheosis of loyalty. It is this complexity which makes all these confession-trials double-edged for the accusers as well as the accused: for the former because they have to attribute incredible crimes to their victims and avow their unbelievable stupidity at having ignored them for so long: for the latter because they have to be corrupt enough to admit all the crimes and fanatical enough to experience in the interest of their executioners a last-minute reconversion. To act both roles at once requires a Communist cynic. This is Otto Katz's epitaph.

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Would the Atomic Bomb End the War in Korea?

RALPH E. LAPP

BEFORE his trip to Korea, General Eisenhower must have been briefed on the possible battlefield use of atomic weapons there. This was not his first briefing on the tactical uses of A-weapons. As NATO chief, the General received information on A-bombs that could be delivered by tactical aircraft. Since that time atomic artillery has emerged as an alternative method of placing atomic missiles on front-line targets (though there is no indication that atomic cannon have been shipped to Korea).

It has been reported that General Eisenhower was considerably impressed with the potentialities of tactical atomic weapons in connection with the European defense problem. General Gruenther, Chief of Staff for NATO, has, in fact, stated that such weapons would be used if the Red Army should attack. Korea, however, presents quite a different picture for the use of battlefield A-bombs.

Lethal Circles

No atomic bombs have ever been used against troops. The only two used militarily were those that demolished Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The peacetime military exercises that were carried out with troops near Las Vegas, Nevada, were not very realistic. Soldiers were kept six to seven miles from the bomb bursts, a distance at which the bomb has no lethal force. Thus there are no practical data for estimating troop behavior within, say, a mile of the bomb burst. Such data as were obtained from animal experimentation in the Nevada tests provide only criteria for physical damage—not for the all-important psychological effect.

The physical effects of a tactical A-bomb can be predicted fairly well. Given the power of the atomic explosion, military planners can lay out on their maps the concentric circles of expectable damage. The innermost circle covers the area within which there will be lethal penetrating radiation. Another covers the limit at which the bomb blast will crush the human body. Still another prescribes the area within which the human skin will be charred. These are the grisly statistics upon which the effects of an A-bomb must be predicated.

Just how big are these circles of destruction? Judging from AEC chairman Gordon Dean's remark about a "family of atomic weapons," bombs now come in quite a variety of sizes. "Size" is measured in terms of the amount of TNT to which the bomb blast is equivalent. The Nagasaki bomb, for instance, was revealed as equal to twenty thousand tons of TNT. Bombs much more powerful than this have since been developed, but we shall make no big error if we simply assume that the tactical A-bomb has the same power as the Nagasaki bomb. Making the A-bomb into a tactical weapon has meant squeezing down its over-all size so that it can be carried by tactical aircraft; reduction in physical size also involves some sacrifice in bomb power, so that tactical A-bombs are considerably less explosive than strategic A-weapons. Even if the tactical A-bomb were twice as powerful as the Nagasaki bomb, our analysis would not be essentially changed. If much bigger bombs were to be used, the circles of damage would overlap our own front lines.

FOR estimating the effects of a tactical bomb, there are an abundance of data from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These data must, however, be revised to take account of the fact that a human being is harder to knock out than the average building. Quantitatively, it takes a blast pressure of only two pounds per square inch to collapse a building wall, whereas almost thirty pounds per square inch is needed to crush a man's chest. Furthermore, many people in Hiroshima died by being pinned under debris, by laceration from shards of flying glass, or by being trapped in burning houses. Thus in various ways there is less hazard from an A-bomb burst at the front lines than from one over a city. As a general rule of thumb the damage area for a battlefield A-bomb can be taken as being three square miles—if soldiers are caught above ground. The circle shrinks to less than one square mile if the soldiers take proper cover. Some of the bunkers used by the North Koreans and Chinese Communists would provide a haven even if the bomb exploded only half a mile away.

From these fragmentary facts it should be clear that a few A-bombs are not going to end the war in Korea, although a public conditioned by the

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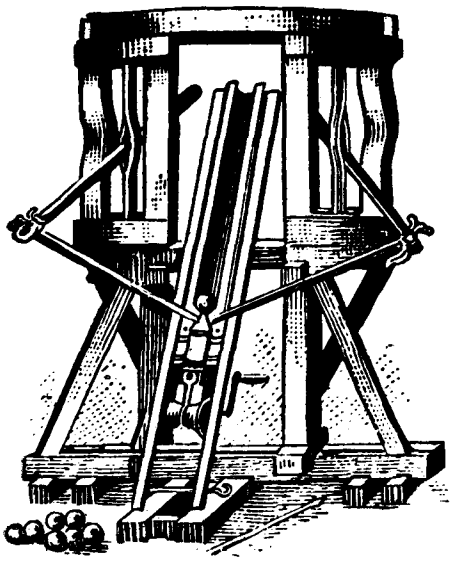


cliché "two A-bombs ended the war in the Pacific" will probably have trouble believing this.

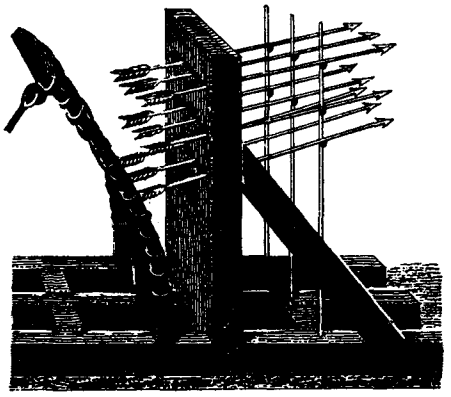
The public may well ask, "Just how many bombs *will* it take to end the war in Korea?" After all, great publicity has been given to the "enormous destructive capacity of our atomic stockpile," and so the layman is justified in asking this question. Then too, Gordon Dean has stated: "I think that when a situation arises where, in our carefully considered judgment, the use of any kind of weapon is justified, we are now at the place where we should give serious consideration to the use of an atomic weapon provided that it can be used effectively from the military standpoint . . ." With this in mind let us look at the battle line in Korea. Just how many targets are there where an A-bomb would be militarily effective?

The General and the Banker

Our present battle line in Korea covers about a hundred and fifty linear miles of fighting front. That front is plenty rugged—not only in the language of the G.I.s but also in terms of terrain. The sharp defiles and superabundance of mountains are a soldier's nightmare. Except for rare moments when the enemy swarms up the slopes of sectors like Triangle Hill, A-bomb targets are few and far between. Indeed, low-altitude aerial reconnaissance of the front rarely ever shows an "inviting" concentration of manpower and matériel. Yet concentration—and vulnerable concentration—of enemy troops is a prerequisite for effective use of the A-bomb.

There are such hordes of Communist troops in Korea and so many more in reserve that it would be folly to expend one A-bomb to produce a couple of hundred casualties. A military man faced with the problem of ordering the use of an A-bomb is in much the same situation as a banker placing large investments. If the banker's judgment is faulty and his financial returns are poor, sooner or later he will go broke. In the military case, the bomb stockpile would at the very least have a dent made in it sizable enough to alarm the planners who were trying to conserve it for an all-out war.

Thus the dilemma is posed. In Korea atomic weapons cannot be regarded as "general-purpose" weapons to be used indiscriminately. They must be viewed as "special weapons" or as "weapons of opportunity." As a special weapon, the A-bomb must be used with skill and finesse if it is to be effective. Maximum reliance must be placed on accurate and up-to-the-minute intelligence of the enemy target. Quick communication and co-ordination with the bomb-carrying aircraft may be of the utmost importance if the enemy is to be caught in a vulnerable posture.



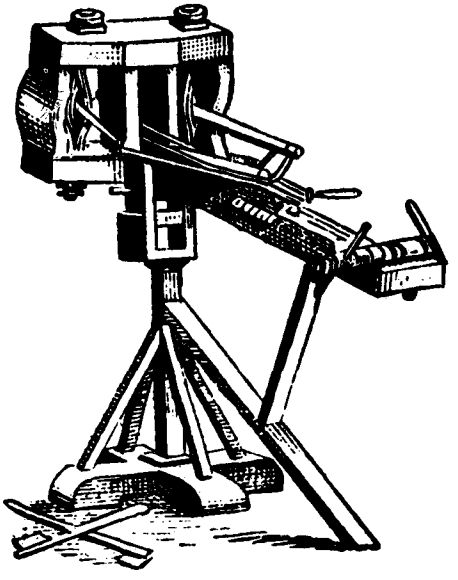
OTHER limitations of the A-bomb in Korea may be illustrated by drawing a comparison between conventional and atomic bombing or between artillery fire and atomic detonation. For example, early in November Allied guns fired forty-two thousand rounds in an eight-hour barrage directed at Papasan Mountain, while U.N. aircraft flew 120 sorties plastering the hill with bombs, rockets, and jellied gasoline. From my knowledge of the comparative firepower of an A-bomb and ordinary high explosives, I estimate that this eight-hour battle involved the equivalent of *more than two or three A-bombs.* The exact number would be futile to calculate because of the topography, enemy troop dispositions, proximity of our own troops, troop vulnerability, etc. But the situation would probably not have allowed the use of the tactical A-bomb.

Blast-out vs. Pin-down

The time factor must also be emphasized. Ordinary artillery fire can be zeroed in on an area for hours on end to pin down enemy troops. Atomic fire is essentially a one-shot affair, over in ten seconds, with no persistent aftereffects except under special circumstances.

Thus even if an enemy could be blasted off a mountain slope, reserves could pour in to fill the vacuum. The A-bomb has a blast-out effect but no pin-down effect. Here the reader may argue that troops might have the wits, if not the life, scared out of them by a nearby atomic explosion. This, of course, might also apply to our troops. But the Communist troops in Korea have frequently displayed their scorn for death by plunging headlong into massed gunfire. They may be intimidated by the A-bomb, but they may also live up to the old Russian proverb: "One can get used to everything, even hell."

In the more than two years of the Korean struggle, vast quantities of shells, rockets, and bombs have been consumed. Many of these have been used against pinpoint targets that would not be "worth" an A-bomb, but



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it can be estimated that so far the Korean War has involved the equivalent of more than two hundred A-bombs.

Non-Front-Line Targets

If the tactical A-bomb will not be effective on the front lines, what are the chances that it might be useful behind the lines—that is, in the sector that stretches from the fighting front to the Yalu? Here the weapon could be used more freely, since there would be no worry about the proximity of our own troops. Also, more powerful bombs could be used, and enemy reserves might be concentrated and not dug in.

However, the total potential target area is very large compared with the front line. Furthermore, while the first A-bombs to fall behind the lines might find profitable targets, it is unlikely that the enemy would continue to provide good targets for later bombings. So while there might be initial successes on a limited scale, it seems doubtful that they would be long sustained. Our commanders might presently find themselves committed to dropping A-bombs *behind* the Yalu in a desperate attempt to smash the roots of enemy strength. This, of course, might be the gambit that would lead to another world war.

Even if the use of the A-bomb in Korea did not precipitate a world war, it might undermine the NATO defense of Europe. There our line is a thin one. It is hoped that the tactical A-bomb may be the critical weapon for strengthening it. If the preview of our tactical A-bomb in Korea shows it to be an indifferent weapon there, the Soviet planners may conclude that it will be equally ineffective in Europe, even though the plains of Germany are in violent contrast to the hills of Korea, and the battlefield A-bomb may well be a vital factor in the NATO defenses. But we might commit the cardinal sin of tipping our hand by showing the A-bomb to be of limited military utility in Korea.

A-Bombs for Asians?

Quite apart from the military aspects, we must never overlook the fact that the A-bomb occupies a special place in the world of weapons. Last summer General Omar Bradley commented before a Congressional committee, "The A-bomb is nothing more than a great concentration of explosives. We do not hesitate to use TNT to destroy a target, and we do not hesitate to send over one thousand planes with TNT to drop. What is the difference between that and sending over one plane with the A-bomb?"

The difference is that the A-bomb is much more than "a great concentration of explosives." It is a package containing the greatest propaganda value that it is possible to hand an enemy. If we use the bomb in Korea, Soviet propagandists will scream that Americans are setting out to annihilate the yellow race. The line will be that we used A-bombs against the Japanese and now they are being unleashed against Koreans and Chinese.

One has only to recall how the Soviets harped on their baseless trumped-up germ-warfare charge to appreciate how viciously they would try to scare the world with atomic-warfare propaganda. The decision to use the bomb is far more than a military one. Clemençeau's observation that "War is too serious a thing to leave solely to the generals" applies with full force when that war involves the use of A-bombs. The decision on the A-bomb must not be made in secret in the Pentagon.

The ultimate decision to use the bomb in Korea rests with the President. This provision of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 is, in itself, testimony to the fact that the American people do not regard the A-bomb as "just another weapon."

Undoubtedly President Eisenhower will be under great pressure to make a dramatic decision. Using the A-bomb in Korea would be graphic evidence of a more vigorous policy in Korea. Legislators like Senator Edwin C. Johnson, who once said, "I would use the atom bomb over there if I had my way," are not likely to change their minds. Pressure from Capitol Hill as well as from Main Street may reach the breaking point if our military forces suffer reverses in Korea or if the war drags out indefinitely.

If President Eisenhower is faced with the question "Should we use the A-bomb in Korea?," he will certainly realize that atomic weapons are the instruments of total war. A-bombs too easily ignite a chain reaction outside the bomb case. Any attempt to confine their use to a limited war would involve the risk of total war.

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CHANNELS: Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

NOTES made in semi-darkness can be illegible, but the following emerged clearly after a recent session before the screen:

"*'You can't keep on killing!' says attractive blonde to murderer boy friend.*"

This was made in the kind of voice used by wives to admonish husbands for small faults like untidiness—a mixture of irritation and resignation. The man in question had already shot one man dead and slugged another fatally. I do not remember that he paid with either his own life or his liberty, but I may have switched stations.

'Too Much Smiling'

The compulsion to smile, particularly in men, is one of many video distresses. Smiling is natural for pretty women, but the mark of the true male is a certain facial composure. The overmobility of announcers, M.C.s, and salesmen is bad enough, but it is even more disturbing when newscasters feel they have to soften their messages with smiles. There is nothing remotely funny about most news, and facts are not meant to ingratiate. One feels a deep gratitude, therefore, for Ed Murrow's concerned and serious face, which relaxes into a half-smile—usually wry—at very rare and very appropriate instances. A like tribute can be paid to Alistair Cooke on "Omnibus." Cooke is able to convey a humorous thought without convulsing his features.

One of the few men on television whose visible mirth is not only tolerable but infectious is Arthur Godfrey. But then, his is the laughter of the tolerant, adult, and animal male, not a commercial commodity.

'Bride and Groom'

No further notes were necessary to recall the intrinsic horror of this daily noon show on Channel 2. For here we have a real live bride and bridegroom telling the story of their courtship to the prompting of a respectfully playful M.C. before being married in close-up by a live minister. The three pairs of couples I have forced myself to watch have been tender and grave and somehow inviolate. This is the miracle (aside from the extraordinary motives impelling them to make public this private moment): that in spite of the camera's pitiless eye they manage to seem moved and be moving—a triumph indeed of human innocence over commercial exploitation.

After one pair were pronounced man and wife, they proceeded on a honeymoon provided by the sponsors to a "lovely old-world inn" in New England. The video audience was treated to a photograph of the bridal suite in which the newlyweds would spend—according to the M.C., who was hastening to a close—"many hours of happy relaxion."

'Kaltenborn—Fantastic'

A recent "The Author Meets the Critics" inspired this note. In it Justice William O. Douglas's book *Beyond the Himalayas* was the object of considerable heat generated by H. V. Kaltenborn, its critic. The well-known commentator deplored what he called the Justice's "sentimentality" and "do-gooding," quoting with heavy Teutonic sarcasm those passages in the book most tainted with these qualities. (The only anti-liberal cliché he omitted during the program was "starry-eyed idealist.") If TV had a fourth dimension, it would have shown Mr. Kaltenborn encased in, and insulated by, a cellophane bag clearly labeled "19th Century." Senator Hubert Humphrey made energetic but fruitless efforts to

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puncture the bag with reason; Justice Douglas realized the futility of trying. Unlike Chesterfields, the Kaltenborn wrapping had no opening tape.

The Bad Foreigners

Two may not make a trend, but they could make a tendency. The tendency is xenophobia: Watch out for foreigners.

The first of these plays was produced by Robert Montgomery about a month ago. It was called "The Biarritz Scandal," and was adorned by the acting of Gene Lockhart and his daughter June in the roles of a simple, honest American small businessman and his simple, sweet, unaffected daughter, off on a European holiday toot for which the father had been saving his scanty surplus for years. They were real Americans, the kind who order ham and eggs instead of that fancy French stuff. The daughter was even a bit dowdy, probably to proclaim her virtue.

In the Casino at Biarritz, they "fall in" with a charming Countess and her oily, hand-kissing son. The foreigners are very flattering to the simple, sweet American pair, and before you know it the Countess is paying for Dad's gambling losses (or rather, standing him credit), and again before you know it, Dad and daughter are forcibly detained in the Countess's gorgeous villa and involved in a very unfortunate combination of card-game racket and blackmail, from which they are ultimately rescued by the daughter's spunk and her American boy friend.

Virtue and America triumphed; sin and Europe were worsted. It was an expert contrivance of its sort. The only trouble was that the bad Countess was by far the most attractive person in the play, in spite of—or perhaps because of—those traits which were such indexes of her unreliability: grace, courtesy, wit, breeding, and a knowledge of languages. In contrast, the Americans were not only dull but brainless—qualities that were presumably evidence of their incorruptibility.

Ten days later I saw an episode in the serial lives of "Biff Baker, U.S.A.," and his wife. Biff is a young American businessman in Europe on export-import matters. He looks like a quarterback and laughs heartily except when in danger. His wife is slender and (unaffectedly) charming.

In Germany this time they "fell in" with a beautiful Baroness who invited them to her beautiful lodge in a forest, filled with beautiful things (in TV this meant big candelabra, big ornate furniture, and very bad paintings in big frames), and before you knew it, horrible things happened. The Baroness's "Uncle" (tall, distinguished, aristocratic) was really a plastic surgeon, the Baroness's brother was really a spy, and the Baroness's maid was a spyess. The gimmick was that the uncle, or plastic surgeon, planned to remodel the "brother" and the "maid" to look just like Biff Baker and his wife, kill off the latter two, and give their passports and identities to the spy pair for their foul purposes. This was a little more drastic—and considerably less adroit—than Mr. Montgomery's playlet, but you get the idea—honest Americans abroad "taken in" by those cultured, dangerous, morally rotten Europeans. I need not add that the Baroness in "Biff Baker, U.S.A." was by far the most attractive character, and she was (I believe this is the right word) foiled.

It just goes to show—you can't trust those foreigners an inch. No *sir*.

The Cyclotron And the Pyramids

LAURA FERMI

When sight-seeing busses tour the campus of the University of Chicago, they frequently stop before a medieval-looking structure that is part of Stagg Field, an incongruous vestige of the days before intercollegiate football was abolished by the university. Guides on the busses point out a plaque set in the dirty-brown stucco which commemorates the world's first atomic pile, built there in 1942.

Just across the street, on the west side of Ellis Avenue, stands a strikingly different edifice, low, gray, and altogether modern. This is the Accelerator Building, which belongs to the Institute for Nuclear Studies. It houses, along with other scientific paraphernalia, a new cyclotron.

A cyclotron is a device for sending small particles of matter speeding toward one another so fast that when they collide they knock each other apart. The bigger the cyclotron, the smaller the fragments and the greater the possibility of isolating the ultimate constituents of matter. Chicago's cyclotron is so big and heavy that it cannot rest on the ground, but, as the scientists say, "floats" on the ground like a ship on water.

Research physicists hanker after as big and as powerful a cyclotron as possible, and at the moment the cyclotron at the University of Chicago is the best there is. While it is in operation it sends out radiations so deadly that no one could get near enough to it to find out what was going on if it were not installed in a pit twenty feet below basement level and entirely encased in a bulky shielding that is twelve feet thick in spots. It is so powerful that the particles inside it move with almost the speed of light, and when they hit each other they produce phenomena otherwise observed only in cosmic rays.

Frankenstein's Magnet

A cyclotron is made up of a magnet and a steel box. The box is so large that

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it could hold three hundred bushels of grain, but it is kept empty—as a matter of fact, the emptier the better. This empty box is called the vacuum chamber, and half a dozen vacuum pumps suck the air out of it to get it ready for the particles that will be sent speeding around in a magnetic field. (Their direction must be controlled by the magnet because there wouldn't be room for them to get up sufficient speed if they went in a straight line.)

The magnet every child knows is a U-shaped piece of iron, usually painted red, that can be used to pick up nails and pins. The cyclotron's magnet is not painted red but yellow, and would not be very handy for picking up pins, since it weighs over two thousand tons. It pulls penknives out of pockets and rips pencils with small metal clasps right out of people's hands. Watches are ruined beyond repair if they are brought into the cyclotron vault.

The magnet can also play less amusing tricks. Some time ago a piece of concrete was lying on the floor by the cyclotron, and a physicist, forgetting that the reinforced concrete contained steel, lifted it. The magnet grabbed the slab, and one of the man's hands was crushed between stone and magnet.

THE PHYSICIST whose hand was crushed by the cyclotron is Herbert Anderson, the builder of the machine. Anderson is a small, youthful man of slight build and fine features. His modest manner conceals a driving intensity. When it was decided that the University of Chicago ought to have a cyclotron, the physicists started out to shop for one. Ready-made cyclotrons are not on the market, but it was hoped that some big industrial concern might undertake to build one. Physics and business could not get together, however, and Herbert Anderson declared that he would make one himself. Industrialists, he thought, don't know anything about cyclotrons, and he would have to supervise the construction himself anyway.

Construction started five years ago, and the cyclotron has now been in full operation for about a year. It performs superbly, and the only interruptions have been the result of human, not mechanical or electronic, deficiences.

Anderson's helpers, a team of physicists and engineers, have given their names to various parts of the machine. The sixty-nine-ton, twelve-foot-thick block of concrete that silently slides open by itself at the proper moment is known as John Marshall's door. The device for moving and steering experimental equipment inside the vacuum chamber is called Enrico Fermi's trolley car; it suffered a slight smash-up not long ago.

Better Atom Trap

The Chicago cyclotron is not going to remain the biggest in the world for long; the co-operative European cyclotron sponsored by UNESCO will be

larger, and so will others on which construction is well advanced. Anderson, however, is justly proud of his achievement, and if someone should ask him why he didn't build a larger machine, he would not be able to conceal an angry look before giving an explanation in his quiet, lucid way.

First of all, he would say, there is the financial question. A machine twice as large would cost four times as much. This one came to two and a half million dollars. Where could you find ten million dollars?

The first money for the cyclotron was raised among the citizens of Chicago—about half a million dollars. With that much subscribed, Anderson went to the U.S. Navy to get the rest, knowing that the Navy had helped science before. Anderson had a guileful plan: He was going to design a machine that would cost more than he could get at first, but not so much that the sponsors would refuse to meet the difference after work had started.

Anderson looked so young that nobody wanted to trust him with the money. "Would it not be wise," it was said, "to appoint a board to administer the cyclotron fund?" This, Anderson felt, would tie his hands, involve endless red tape and arguments, and slow down construction. Doggedly he fought for independence, was investigated at great length, and finally got his way.

Although actual construction of parts was left to the private manufacturers, their design, delivery, and erection were Anderson's concern. The magnet sections, forged by Bethlehem Steel in Pennsylvania, weighed as much as eighty-two tons each. A special crane was required to transfer them from the train, at the Chicago station, to specially built tractor-trucks. Street pavements were not considered sturdy enough to hold the loaded trucks, and they were driven as much as possible along the streetcar rails. On the way down the driveway to the basement entrance of the Accelerator Building they had to be held back with cables and winches because their brakes could not be trusted.

The transportation of the copper coils that went around the magnet frame presented even greater difficulties. They were so large that they did not fit into any freight car. They had to be shipped by water from the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn, where they were built. From the lake front in Chicago they were brought to the Accelerator Building on trucks in the early dawn, under heavy police escort, over the widest streets, which had been closed to traffic and cleared of parked cars. The two-hundred-ton concrete blocks for the shielding were made on the spot. From a mixer installed just outside the building the cement was poured through a window into forms laid on the floor inside.

The sums and, even more, the effort that went into the construction of the cyclotron were enormous, and the question comes readily to mind: Does it serve any practical purpose? Technology has always followed pure science, usually after a lag of many years. Practical applications have frequently been found for scientific discoveries, and thus it may be with the cyclotron. But so far there is no prospect of anything immediately useful emerging.

For the time being, like the pyramids of Egypt, cyclotrons are non-utilitarian monuments. Yet unlike the pyramids, which are probably nothing more than the monumental evidence of royal vanity, cyclotrons represent a planned, logical step on a well-defined path. Each finding, each advancement, each discovery is a step on that path. Each step advances knowledge and opens up new fields of investigation.

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The Dismal Annals Of South African Intolerance

HAROLD R. ISAACS

On December 5, the Seventh U.N. General Assembly adopted a resolution setting up a fact-finding commission "to study the racial situation in the Union of South Africa in the light of the purposes and principles of the Charter." The vote was 35-1, with twenty-three nations abstaining. The lone "No" was South Africa's.

In another vote, by 43-6 with nine abstentions, the General Assembly rejected the South African claim that the Government's racial policies in South Africa were none of the U.N.'s business. South Africa's only supporters on this issue of U.N. competence were the United Kingdom, France, Luxembourg, Australia, and Belgium.

Careful readers of the New York papers during recent months will know that at last report 7,300 persons had been jailed in South Africa as a result of an organized campaign of passive resistance to the Union's racial laws. This campaign began last June under African and Indian leadership, with a few Europeans participating. It is employing the methods of nonviolence first introduced in South Africa by Gandhi half a century ago when he became the leader of the Indian minority. The passive resisters, after due notice, deliberately violate some of the numerous laws and regulations applied to non-Europeans, and then submit peaceably to arrest. Their avowed objective is to fill South Africa's prisons until there is some retreat from the racist extremism of the South African régime.

More prominently reported have been the intermittent outbreaks of violence in the last few months in Johannesburg, Durban, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, and elsewhere. These outbreaks have occurred quite independently of the passive-resistance movement. With the police under orders to shoot first and investigate afterward, killings, riots, and pillage have occurred wherever trivial incidents have fanned into quick flame the highly combustible accumulation of fear, terror, and desperation on both sides.

Four Books

These developments give special value at this time to several recently published books about South Africa.

The Peoples and Policies of South Africa, by Leo Marquard. *Oxford University Press. $3.50.*

The Dilemma of South Africa, by John Hatch. *Roy. $4.00.*

The Choice Before South Africa, by E. S. Sachs. *Philosophical Library. $5.75.*

Report on Southern Africa, by Basil Davidson. *Jonathan Cape. $3.50.*

Two of these books are by South Africans. Leo Marquard is an active opponent of Malanism who has lived with the facts of his country long enough to present them with complete authority and, often, with an indignation muted by caution and perhaps fatigue. Marquard has written the most substantial book of the group. He writes clearly, moderately, doggedly, and with little hope. The other South African is Emil "Solly" Sachs, a veteran trade-union leader who writes with much less restraint. An ex-Communist (he was expelled from the Communist Party in 1932), Sachs has a tendency to lapse into Communist jargon, muddying up what is often a shrewd analysis. Oddly enough, his chapters on the Opposition political parties are the muddiest of all.

The other two authors are Englishmen who traveled to South Africa to see things for themselves and who saw, as travelers often do, a great deal more in a short while than many people on the ground see in a lifetime. John Hatch, a lecturer in international relations at the University of Glasgow, made the trip because he tired of being told by South African students that nobody who had not lived in the country could possibly understand its problems. His two journeys of exploration in 1950 and 1951 taught him that "one of the most dangerous factors in South African life is the appalling ignorance which the European population has of the realities of non-European life." He made a serious attempt to inform himself about the outlooks of all the different segments of the population, and although his reportorial skill did not quite match his needs, his report is varied and rewarding.

Basil Davidson, on the other hand, is a professional journalist with a sharp eye and ear and great skill in the use of documentation. His reporting, as far as it goes, is superb. He concentrates, however, almost entirely on the complexities of the European commu-

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nity and has nothing at all to say about African leaders and organizations or the Indian minority. It has to be said further about Davidson that in his final pages he rather suddenly uncovers a strange bias. ("While whites draw down a curtain of ignorance between themselves and the Soviet Union, the Africans catch the echo, muffled perhaps but infinitely suggestive, of revolutions in Central Asia which have displaced the old life by a new.")

None of these writers, however, is especially informative about political currents among the Africans in South Africa. There is no detailed description, for example, of the African National Congress, the leading body of Africans at the present time. Another surprising omission is any adequate discussion of the Communist movement, which has a long though obscure history in South Africa. This may be due to the fact that the Malan Administration has passed a law which gives it power to prosecute as "Communist" even the mildest form of critical opposition to Afrikaner doctrines. Emil Sachs, one of the authors treated here, is himself currently being charged under this law. The other South African, Leo Marquard, is quoted by Hatch as exhorting liberals to resist this attempt to tar simple decency with the Communist brush. Whether these Afrikaner tactics will eventually convince the mass of Africans that any white man with a decent attitude toward them is a Communist remains to be seen.

Despite gaps and flaws, however, these books will give any careful reader a clear picture of what the trouble in South Africa is all about. The Union is a country tightly ruled by a white minority of two and a half million, which is divided roughly sixty-forty between Afrikaners and people of British origin. These two groups are divided by much of their history, their conflicting traditions, and their different languages. But they are in general united in their basic feelings about the country's overwhelming non-European majority, consisting of about three hundred thousand Indians, one million Colored, and 8.5 million Africans.

PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA

AFRIKANERS: White Europeans of Dutch origin—about 1.5 million.

EUROPEANS: The Afrikaners plus one million whites of English origin.

COLORED PEOPLE: those of mixed European and African stock —about one million.

AFRICANS: Negro natives of South Africa—8.5 million.

ASIATICS: 300,000 Indians, who may be deported by the Malan Government.

NON-EUROPEANS: Africans plus Coloreds plus the 300,000 Indians.

'Perpetual Overlordship'

In the forty-two years of its history as a Union, Afrikaner and English South Africa has woven for itself a legal, social, political, and economic fabric designed to establish and maintain, in Marquard's phrase, the "perpetual overlordship of the white minority." During the past four years, the Union government has been in the hands of white-supremacy extremists of the Nationalist Party. The announced aim of this Government is to establish *apartheid,* or total separation of the races. In practice this has meant a tightening of all the racist screws to the point where the Africans and the other nonwhites of the Union have finally begun to resist.

It will be quite plain to the reader of these books that the problem did not start with Malan and will not end with him. It is rooted in the whole history of the European establishments in South Africa and, as all four authors here make discouragingly clear, the present European opponents of Malan, except for an ineffectual handful, are not serious opponents of Malan's racial program. They are concerned with special economic interests, their own constitutional and democratic rights, with the entrenched place of the English language, and with their place in the Commonwealth, all of which Malan also threatens. But they have no program for building a more viable multiracial society in their country.

'Christian Trusteeship'

Malan's Nationalist Party is opposed by the United Party, which was the party of the late Jan Christiaan Smuts, and which unites most of the English-speaking South Africans and the urbanized, more moderate, more civilized, and better-educated Afrikaners. It was under the United Party and its predecessors that much of the present racial pattern was set, and it does not differ from the Nationalists in its devotion to white supremacy. To *apartheid* it opposes the concept of "Christian trusteeship" of whites over Africans, "a vague term," Leo Marquard remarks drily, "that was forever begging the question of what happened when the wards came of age."

It is this vagueness and indecisiveness of the Opposition that is a main source of Malan's strength. Malan bases himself candidly on brute force, on an increasingly frank totalitarianism, on divine sanctions provided through the Dutch Reformed Church for the permanent inequality of the races and a denial of the doctrine of popular sovereignty in government. This program makes a much stronger appeal to the mass of fear-stricken Europeans than the vague me-tooism

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of the United Party, which is, by the same token, incapable of appealing to or winning the trust of the disfranchised non-European majority.

Indeed, as both Marquard and Hatch stress, the present trend of events is rapidly severing the last links between liberally inclined Europeans and even the most moderate of the advanced non-Europeans. At the same time, it is reducing the conflicts of interest and attitude which have up until now divided the segments of the non-European population—Africans, Coloreds, and Indians. By their inflexibility and intransigence, the whites are helping create what they always feared most: the unity of the non-European population.

Who'll Do the Work?

The program of *apartheid* turns out, on the close examination given it both by Marquard and Hatch, to be at best a pious fraud and at worst a device not only for ensuring the permanent backwardness of the African mass and keeping it at the service and disposal of the whites but also for driving the Colored and Indian groups into the same forcibly lowered estate.

In its "ideal" form, as advanced by certain Afrikaner intellectuals and religious leaders, *apartheid* is stated to mean a quite literal total separation in which the Africans and Coloreds (and the Indians if they are not successfully deported en masse) will each have their own separate areas in which to live, work, and run their own affairs, while the whites will do likewise in an all-white society in an all-white area.

At least one trouble with this is that it is not "practical," as even the Nationalist Ministers have admitted. It would mean that South Africa's cities would have to do without the two million Africans who today haul all the loads, do all the manual labor, clean the streets, and provide the domestic help. The gold mines would have to do without the 430,000 Africans who keep the mines operating. The manufacturers would have to do without the five hundred thousand Africans who work in the factories, and the Afrikaner farmers would have to do without the one million Africans who do most of the work on the country's large but highly uneconomic farms. It would also mean that the Europeans would have to surrender huge land areas to make room for these Africans and that the government, or somebody, would have to provide hundreds of millions of dollars to develop the non-European areas.

None of this is "practical," and the Afrikaner leaders do not have the slightest intention of bringing it about. Hatch quotes the repeated assurance from Nationalist Ministers to the farmers, mineowners, and manufacturers that it is not intended to deprive them of African labor. Nor, as the present Minister of Native Affairs, Dr. Verwoerd, explained to Hatch, is it intended ever to create anything resembling a self-governing African state. The prospect, he explained, is for "a number of self-managing areas scattered throughout the country," while "white South Africa would be the State." He forecast that in fifty years' time "six million whites and between five and eight million Natives would live in urban and rural areas, while fourteen million Natives would be in the reserves." So much, comments Hatch, for the "idealistic" conception of *apartheid*.

ACTUALLY, the urbanization of the Africans has been going on at an accelerated pace and, in the opinion of serious authorities, "cannot be reversed." Less than half (39.9 per cent) of the present African population lives in the "reserves" set aside for the Africans, which now comprise just under ten per cent of the land of the country. Half of this land is not arable, while the rest is being ruined by backward farming methods. Marquard calls the reserves "vast rural slums whose main export is their manpower." Most of this process, indeed, is a deliberately contrived one, to assure a steady flow of labor to the mines and farms of the Europeans.

The 'Locations'

While more and more the urban settlements of the Africans are becoming permanent settlements rather than temporary havens for migrants, no effort is made to give them a chance to live with minimum decency. They live in shantytown "locations" clustered in and around the towns and cities. Their movements in and out of these areas are restricted by a complicated pass system which keeps the prisons filled with confused violators. "At least sixty per cent of the offenses which bring Africans to the courts," reports Marquard, "are statutory offenses which when committed by a European would not be a 'crime.' "

The "locations" are largely unprovided with the most elementary sanitary or other services. Marquard describes a typical smaller community, which he calls Middledorp, where the African location—population thirteen thousand—is serviced by a budget based on its own revenue, 7,000 pounds, while the European town, population eight thousand, spends 170,000 pounds on itself each year. He quotes extended figures to show that this is the prevalent state of affairs throughout the country, with a few scattered exceptions where local philanthropy or greater wisdom has attempted certain relative improvements.

Hatch and Davidson both give several vivid descriptions of the kind of life this system imposes on the Africans and its consequences in crime, disease, and demoralization. One index is the tuberculosis rate: 900 per 100,000 for non-Europeans compared to 32 per 100,000 for Europeans. Hatch found in these locations "one vast and complicated distortion of every genuine human emotion and mental activity."

AT THE gold mines the African workers, on contract for several years' labor away from their homes and families, are confined in compounds which differ little from forced-labor camps. Their movements are restricted, their facilities minimum for health. They earn an average of forty-four pounds

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per year, compared to 566 pounds for European mineworkers. They are forbidden by law to organize into unions, to strike, to be absent from work, or to rise above the level of unskilled labor. In the manufacturing industries, unionization is made virtually impossible by restrictions on movement and the right to withhold work, and European unions maintain a strict color bar that excludes Africans from any but the lowest levels of labor.

The organic sickness of South Africa's economy is rooted in these conditions. The industrial economy grew up lopsidedly because of the special place of gold mining, which drained wealth out of the country for the most part and has had no interest in the development of a more productive and better-educated laboring mass with growing consumer demands of its own. The manufacturing industries, now growing rapidly, still have to fight the mineowner influence, and their need for a more productive labor force and an expanding internal market comes into direct conflict with their own unreasoning fear of any improvement in the status of the blacks.

European agriculture in South Africa is painfully backward. European as well as African farmlands have been abused to the point where soil erosion is probably the country's most urgent economic problem. Low productivity on the soil has meant low farm income. More than half the European farmers make less than two hundred pounds a year out of their enormous tracts of land.

In the last two generations this poverty sent thousands of young Afrikaners into the cities looking for work. It has created an Afrikaner working class which is submerged beneath the whole weight of Afrikaner prejudice and stiffneckedness, unrelieved even by the thin British trade-union tradition that survives in some corners of South African industrial life.

More of the Same

The South African scene has many other facets, all explored more or less thoroughly in some or all of these books. It remains for other writers, perhaps from among the Africans themselves, to give us a more adequate parallel picture of the state of mind of the Africans, who remain the most obscure of all the actors in this ironic

tragedy. But there is enough here to make it clear that this system of enforced degradation of a mass of people to suit the needs of a minority of another race has sent its poisons flowing through every nerve and artery of South African society. In the European community, men of reason, decency, and intelligence seem to be almost wholly reduced to impotence by the bleak self-deceptions, the blind fears, the unreasoning hatreds, and the powerful self-destructive impulses of their fellows.

REASONABLE solutions of the South African problem are not easily or glibly offered. Of our present group of authors, Davidson and Sachs think that the process of industrialization in South Africa is imposing its own solution of the issues of race relations and that the thing to do is to help it along and, if possible, get it to operate less blindly, more consciously, and more wisely. The question is whether the social tensions in South Africa can be kept from bursting out volcanically before the necessarily prolonged process can take effect.

Leo Marquard appeals for a partnership of the races "on the basis of Western civilization" and makes clear his belief that if a white leadership does not emerge that will progressively break down the barriers to such a partnership, the result will be what he cautiously calls "increasing antagonism." John Hatch, who wrote most of his book with an obvious effort to be moderate and tolerant of all points of view, ends up by calling the South African Europeans "an insignificant minority of friendless fanatics fighting against the whole trend of the rest of the world." He concludes that if there is no recognition of "the essential unity of the human race," then there is "no hopeful approach to any form of solution." Instead the outlook is for "prejudice, conflict, and disaster."

●

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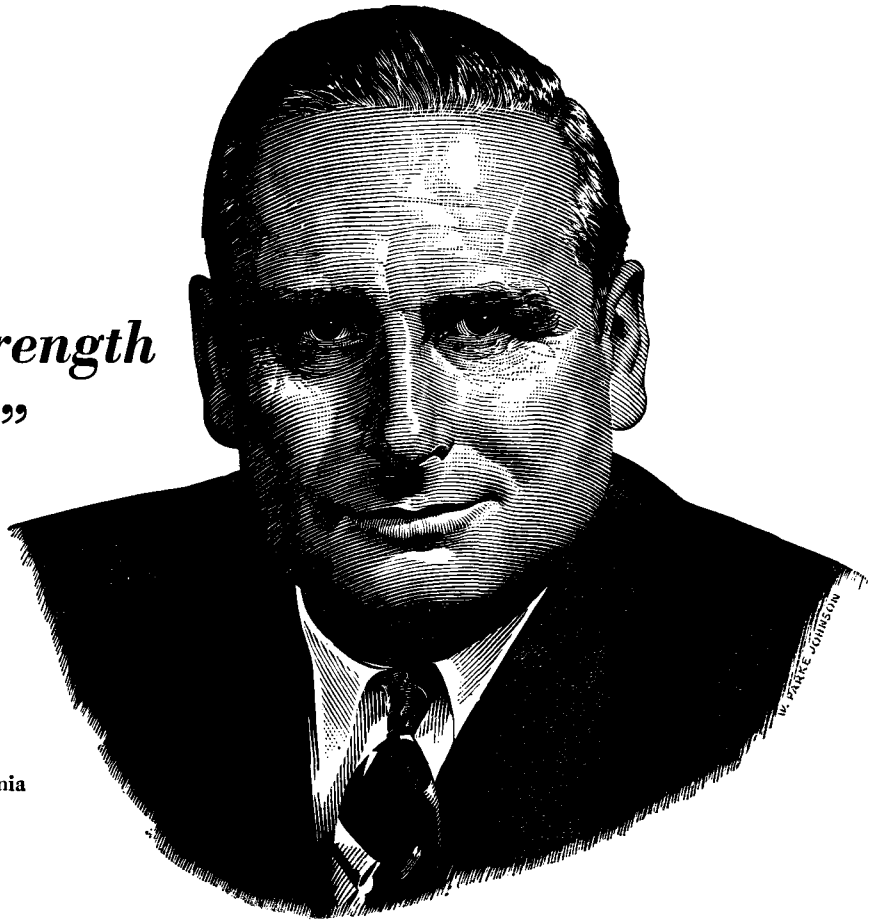

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President, Union Oil Company of California

"Our country's strength is created by the responsibility and solidarity of individual citizens in a self-chosen government and economy. It can—and must—be perpetuated against all who seek to undermine it. The men and women who invest regularly in United States Defense Bonds are contributing to our national integrity and to the traditions of personal independence so characteristic of a free people."

Every pay day, 6,500,000 employed men and women . . . "are contributing to our national integrity and to the tradition of personal independence . . ." by the systematic purchase of United States Defense Bonds.

How important is this contribution to national economy and personal security? Let's look at a few figures.

- the cumulative purchases of 6,500,000 Payroll Savers add up to $130,000,000 per month.
- the number of individual E Bonds sold in 1951 totaled 68,069,000 pieces—8% more than in 1950.
- purchases of $25 and $50 E Bonds—the denominations popular with Payroll Savers—were greater than the sales of $500 and $1,000 E Bonds.
- monthly redemptions of unmatured E Bonds during each of 9 months (April to December, 1951) were less than 1% of the amounts outstanding.
- the *cash value* of Series E Bonds held by individuals on December 31, 1951, amounted to $34,727,000,000—$4.8 billions more than the cash value of Series E's outstanding in August, 1945.

That Americans have built personal security and a reservoir of purchasing power exceeding $34.7 billions is due in no small measure to the patriotism and foresight of men like Mr. Taylor and other leaders of industry who have made the Payroll Savings Plan available to their employees.

For help with your Payroll Savings Plan, phone, wire or write to Savings Bond Division, U.S. Treasury Department, Suite 700, Washington Building, Washington, D. C.

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